

# The IMPROVEMENT ERA



## IN THIS ISSUE—

HEBER J. GRANT  
JOHN A. WIDTSOE  
WILLIAM R. PALMER

STEPHEN L. RICHARDS  
RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR  
ESTELLE WEBB THOMAS

SEPTEMBER, 1936

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



**FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT**

The Democratic Nominee

**ALFRED M. LONDON**

The Republican Nominee



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## KSL PRESENTS

The

## 1936 POLITICAL CAMPAIGN

In our nation there are times when public interest and concern are centered on a common problem. This year, more than in any other within the recollection of the present generation, the American people are confronted with such a problem. Between now and November Third, the Republican and the Democratic Parties will present their doctrine of political faith to the electorate. The National Union for Social Justice—the Liberty League—the Townsendsites—the followers of Father Coughlin—all will join in the cry for attention to the doctrines by which they feel the people of the United States should be governed during the succeeding four years

An a sober-thinking people, the American citizenry are today concerned with making a sound choice in their leaders of government. Radio is a great and a powerful voice in helping shape this decision. KSL, through its own facilities and as an affiliate of the Columbia Broadcasting System, will bring the issues of the campaign into every home. Impartial, KSL hopes to assist in presenting a complete analysis of the problems the electorate must decide.

KSL offers this service as a truly American contribution towards self-determination of your own convictions. Keep turned to KSL for the presentation of the 1936 campaign in the State and in the Nation.

**KSL**  
AFFILIATED WITH CBS  
**THE VOICE OF THE WEST**

Heber J. Grant,  
John A. Widtsoe,  
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"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

## COMING IN OCTOBER

### THE RETURNED MISSIONARY

HOW DOES HE STAND IN HIS COMMUNITY?

HOW DOES HE STAND IN THE CHURCH?

HOW DO HIS CIRCUMSTANCES COMPARE WITH HIS ASSOCIATES WHO HAVE NOT FILLED MISSIONS?

AT WHAT AGES IS HE MOST ACTIVE?

WHAT IS HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD WORD OF WISDOM OBSERVANCE?

THESE AND OTHER VITAL AND INTERESTING QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF "THE IMPROVEMENT ERA" IN AN ARTICLE DEALING WITH THE RESULTS OF A RETURNED MISSIONARY SURVEY CONDUCTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—WHICH INFORMATION IS TO BE RELEASED BY PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON FOR THE QUORUM.

THE RECORDS OF TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND LIVING RETURNED MISSIONARIES WERE INVESTIGATED FOR THESE ILLUMINATING FINDINGS.

BEGINNING IN OCTOBER—"THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN." EVERY READER OF GOOD FICTION WILL WANT TO FOLLOW THIS HISTORICAL NOVEL BASED ON CONQUEST AND CONFLICT IN THE SOUTHWEST.

ALSO—THE OCTOBER "IMPROVEMENT ERA" WILL CONTAIN AN OLD LETTER OF LORD BYRON'S, RECENTLY DISCOVERED, AND, SO FAR AS HAS BEEN DETERMINED, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY  
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

# The IMPROVEMENT ERA

SEPTEMBER, 1936

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NUMBER 9

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



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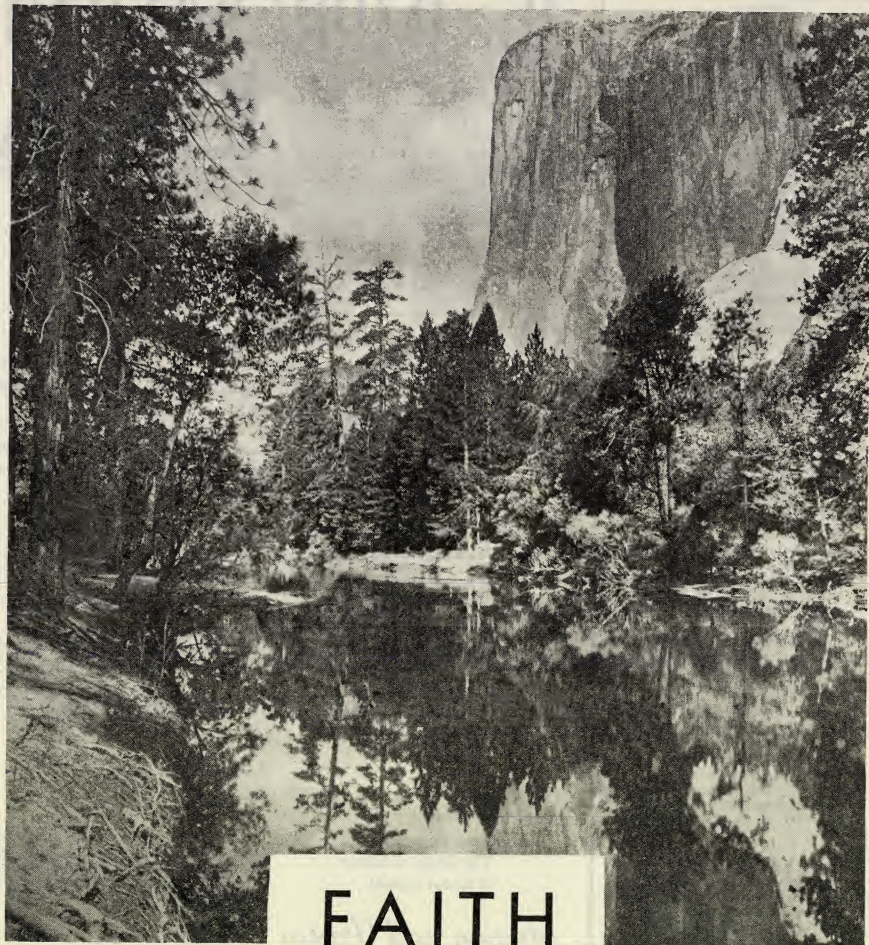
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### The Cover

EARLY FALL means return to school with all of its priceless opportunities, fine traditions, and cherished associations. And in Mormon communities the return to school means also the return to seminaries and institutes where material considerations are supplemented by other things of great concern to eternal man—so that Mormon youth may grow into useful, well-balanced men and women with spiritual, mental, and physical harmony.

The cover illustration shows the entrance to the L. D. S. Institute at Logan, largest of the Church institutes and seminaries, which, placed near university and high school campuses and in community neighborhoods, are attended by more than 35,000 students as part of their regular curriculum.



EL CAPITAN, YOSEMITE

Photograph by Glen Perrins

# FAITH

By CLAIRE STEWART BOYER

*I* HAVE not examined the sands of the earth  
nor the stars of the heavens,  
Yet I know that man walks in faith upon the  
earth and reaches for the stars, and they  
are one motion, rhythmical and inevitable.

*I have not studied the grass beneath my feet,  
nor the clouds above my head,  
Yet I know the grass is sustenance and the  
cloud a provender.*

*I do not know why rivers must wander, nor why  
the wind tells not its destiny,  
Yet is my spirit refreshed by the freedom of  
the river and the abandon of the wind.*

*I have not made analysis of life,  
nor theorized about the sun,  
Yet do I know that both are part of the same  
sufficient miracle!*

# A DOMESTIC SUGAR SUPPLY

## WITH REFLECTIONS UPON AMERICA'S NEED OF AGRICULTURE AND HOME INDUSTRY

By PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

*From an address delivered at the opening session of the Second Dearborn Conference of Agriculture, Industry, and Science, May 12, 1936*

I AM SURE that the principal reason for my being invited to make a speech here this evening is that I stand at the head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as the Mormon Church. This Church suffered persecution in New York, in Ohio, in Missouri, and in Illinois, and finally left Nauvoo, Illinois, and went fifteen hundred miles to the Salt Lake valley, known as the Great American Desert, and the members of the Church have been reasonably successful in a section of the country that was considered worthless. That country at that particular time belonged to Mexico.

When Brigham Young saw the Salt Lake valley, he said, "This is the Place." And if he had obtained all of the "Place" he desired, Texas wouldn't have been in it for size. He immediately sent his scouts to the northern part of what is now Idaho, to the foot of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and also to San Bernardino, California, and located some of his people in what is now Arizona. He knocked for admission into the Union under the title of the state of Deseret.

All that he asked for is what now comprises Utah, fully one-half of Colorado, part of Wyoming, two-thirds of Nevada, one-third of California, all of Arizona, a large part of Idaho, and a little of what is now New Mexico; so that every drop of water that now flows into the Hoover Dam (please notice the name . . . (Applause.) I hope I live long enough, although in my eightieth year, to have the name changed to Hoover) . . . so that every drop of water that now flows into the Hoover Dam would have

"TO MY MIND IT IS A POOR FINANCIAL POLICY TO BUY FROM ANY FOREIGN COUNTRY ANYTHING THAT CAN BE PROFITABLY PRODUCED BY THE TILLER OF THE SOIL IN THE UNITED STATES."

belonged to the state of Deseret, had he secured all that he asked for.

My earliest acquaintance with Brigham Young began when I was six years of age. I was born only one block from his home and I was as intimate with him and his family as if I had been a member of it. I met him for the last time as he was going out of his office for a carriage ride. He returned from that ride and went to bed with a terrible attack of what was then known as "inflammation of the bowels," undoubtedly appendicitis, so the doctor that waited on him assured me. A

few days later we were all rejoicing that all pain had left him, and that he was on the high road to recovery. The appendix had undoubtedly broken. A few days later he passed away. In my opinion Brigham Young was the greatest colonizer and pioneer that America has ever produced. He always gave full credit for his accomplishments, however, to the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr.

OVER one hundred years ago a Declaration of Belief regarding governments and laws in general was adopted by unanimous vote of a great assembly of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in Kirtland, Ohio. I quote the first two paragraphs:

"We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man; and that he holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering them, for the good and safety of society.

"We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of his conscience, the right and control of property and the protection of life."

Every faithful Latter-day Saint believes beyond a shadow of doubt, that to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life are inherent rights of which he should never be deprived.

OUR JULY issue contained an entertaining recital of President Heber J. Grant's participation in the great conference of the Farm Chemurgic Council and the Chemical Foundation, held in Dearborn and Detroit, Michigan, May 12-14, 1936. The address and subsequent after-dinner speech, made by President Grant to the conference, have now been published in the "Proceedings of the Second Dearborn Conference of Agriculture, Industry, and Science," but since this volume is not generally accessible, we take pleasure, in answer to many requests, in republishing them in "The Improvement Era."

While President Grant's formal theme was "A Domestic Sugar Supply," he touched in his discussion on many topics, vital in this modern day. Our readers will be benefited by the perusal of these addresses, which were enthusiastically received by the conference.

This organization impresses me as believing firmly in the statement by the poet Oliver Goldsmith:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;

A breath can make them, as a breath can make;

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

The Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Salt Lake City wrote a pamphlet telling of the attractions of Utah to people who were looking for a place in which to make a permanent home. Among other things he said that in no other city, county, state, or territory in the Union were the taxes so low as in Utah. This was when the people were self-sustaining, when Salt Lake City owed only \$200,000 of bonds, which bonds were issued to bring water from an adjoining county.

Brigham Young was the leading spirit in creating local industries and advocating their support. From the time I was seventeen until the Provo Woolen Mills closed down, I wore but one suit of clothes, the cloth in which was not made in the Provo Woolen Mills. The members of the legislature of an adjoining territory paid a visit to Utah; a ball was given in the theatre in their honor; I happened to have only some light-colored suits at the time, and I bought a Prince Albert coat and a ready-made suit to wear at the ball, being a member of the legislature. The next day I gave it to one of my relatives, remarking that I did not want to wear it while advocating the patronizing of home institutions.

Brigham Young's teachings were "Do not run into debt; pay as you go"; and I am a firm believer that this is good advice to the individual and to the inhabitants of a city, a county, or a state—or, I might add—a nation. (Applause.)

I am a firm believer that men should be self-reliant. I quote from William George Jordan's book entitled *The Majesty of Calmness* because William George Jordan writes everything better than I could write it or say it:

"The man who is self-reliant seeks ever to discover and conquer the weakness within him that keeps him from the attainment of what he holds dearest; he seeks within himself the power to battle against all outside influences. He realizes that all the greatest men in history, in every phase of human effort, have been those who have

had to fight against the odds of sickness, suffering, sorrow. To him defeat is no more than passing through a tunnel is to a traveler—he knows he must emerge again into the sunlight."

And we know that we must emerge again here in this nation.

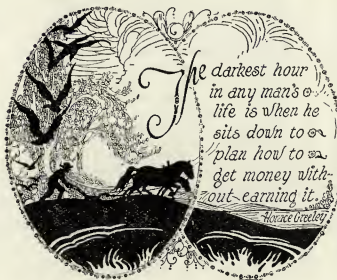
"The nation that is strongest is the one that is most self-reliant, the one that contains within its boundaries all that its people need. If, with its ports all blockaded, it has not within itself the necessities of life and the elements of its continual progress, then—it is weak, held by the enemy, and it is but a question of time till it must surrender. Its independence is in proportion to its self-reliance, to its power to sustain itself from within. What is true of nations is true of individuals. The history of nations is but the biography of an individual. So it must be that the individual who is most strong in any trial, sorrow, or need is he who can live from his inherent strength, who needs no scaffolding of commonplace sympathy to uphold him. He must ever be self-reliant."

I AM pleased to say that the early history of Utah is practically the history of Brigham Young.

I beg the pardon of this audience for this long introduction to the subject of my speech, "A Domestic Sugar Supply." (Applause.)

Way back in the earliest days of Utah, machinery was brought from France, across the ocean, and freighted from the Missouri River by ox teams—as I remember, forty oxen—and a beet sugar factory was established, but there was little knowledge regarding the industry, and it was not a financial success.

In 1891, the Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints used me as an agent to solicit subscriptions to build a beet sugar factory at Lehi, thirty miles south of Salt Lake City. Letters were written by the Presidency to individuals asking them to subscribe for \$1,000, \$2,000, \$5,000, and \$7,500, as I remember it, to build a beet sugar factory which was to cost in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million dollars.



That year a panic came and many of the subscribers for stock were unable to make good their subscriptions. The last \$100,000 needed to complete this factory (which, by the way, was the first beet sugar factory built in the United States with American machinery) was loaned by Wells Fargo & Company. The manager of the Wells Fargo bank in San Francisco formerly managed a branch bank at Salt Lake, and I was his clerk. He told me it would be impossible to lend the money, that his committee would not make a loan a thousand miles away, on local security, in the midst of a panic. I told him it was a dernier resort, that he had believed in me as a boy, that he gave me one hundred dollars one New Year's eve and said no one else in the bank would get a dollar, because the others watched the clock and tried to see how soon they could get out after three o'clock, but that I would come back nights and work if there was anything I could find to do. I said: "Now, believe in me as one of the fifteen men managing the Mormon Church."

He said: "My boy, I would gladly lend you the money but my loan committee would not approve of my doing so."

I finally said: "Mr. Wadsworth, the Mormon Church will be alive when you and I are dead. I am sure that I can get you four notes of \$25,000 each of the Mormon Church, payable in six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months; and if you will write the names of twenty-five of the strongest financial Mormons in Salt Lake City, I can get twenty of them to guarantee these notes."

He laughed and said: "My boy, you cannot do it."

I said: "I do not ask anything more; I know I can do it."

"All right," he said, "you can have your money, and I will give you a one hundred per cent better margin on your names. You have asked for a margin of five, you can have a margin of ten. I will write thirty names, and if you get any twenty of the thirty to sign you can have your money."

He wrote five or six names, then smiled and tore up the paper and said: "Heber, let me see—1875 to 1891—sixteen years; many a man who was well fixed sixteen years ago when I left Salt Lake is 'busted' now. I will write to my successor in Salt Lake and ask him

to write the thirty names and to hand you the \$100,000 and draw on me with the notes attached. I will not even submit the matter to my committee; I will tell them I know what I am doing. I will let you have the money."

I secured twenty-four signatures. Three of the thirty were out of town; one person whose name was on the list I felt sure would decline, so I did not ask for his signature.

Of the thirty names, two only declined. David Eccles of Ogden heard them decline as he happened to be sitting in the room writing a letter when I was soliciting their endorsements. He looked up from his letter and said: "Heber, I have heard your story. Is my name one of the thirty?"

"No," I said, "I never thought of going to Ogden for signatures."

He remarked: "I would like to look at the notes."

I handed them to him. He could have bought all the property belonging to the other twenty-four. He did not read them but turned them wrong side up and endorsed them and handed them back, and remarked: "Heber, excuse my profanity, but when the note of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is not good for \$100,000, Salt Lake will be all the same as Nauvoo, Illinois—too damned hot for a Mormon to live in." (Laughter.) (The last of our people were driven out of Nauvoo across the snow and ice of the Mississippi River. Nine babes were born on that terrible night with little shelter except their mothers' breasts.)

Eccles said: "Any time the President of the Church would like my name on another \$100,000, come up to Ogden; we keep a pen and ink in the house, and I will have pleasure in endorsing the Church's notes. I always have two or three hundred thousand dollars lying in banks on certificates of deposit, payable thirty days after demand. Tell President Woodruff to ask for a renewal of these notes a little before thirty days before they fall due and if he cannot get renewals, I will pay these notes and he can pay me in a year, or five, or ten years, and if that is not convenient, whenever it is convenient."

I am free to confess I would have thoroughly enjoyed hugging David Eccles about that time.

I am in favor of our producing all the sugar from cane and beets in the United States that we can possibly

consume. To my mind it is a poor financial policy to buy from any foreign country anything that can be profitably produced by the tiller of the soil in the United States, and especially is this the case with something as profitable as sugar. I believe absolutely in the purported statement of Abraham Lincoln: "I do not discuss the tariff. I know that if we buy goods made in America we have the goods and we have the money, and if we buy goods not made in America some one else has our money."

**MONEY** is the life blood of a nation. It is exactly like the blood in our bodies; it is the circulating medium. Keep your money at home.

At a meeting called for the purpose of encouraging people to support home institutions, one of my farming friends said: "I never buy a pair of shoes for children, I never buy cloth to make a suit, I never buy anything that is not made in Utah, if I can get what I want made in Utah." While I was coming from Cache Valley (which is about eighty miles north of Salt Lake City), at the depot I saw a man who had made some shoes for my little children. I handed him five dollars. In the crowd at the depot he saw a man to whom he owed five dollars, and he handed him the money. This man saw another whom he owed five dollars, handed it to him; and he saw another man whom he owed five dollars, and handed the money to him. Then this man came to me and said, "I owe you six dollars. Here is five dollars on account. That five dollars paid twenty-five dollars of debts, my friends, as quickly as I can tell it. That is why I buy home-made goods, because I am interested in benefiting myself."

I am interested in benefiting myself, my city, my country, my state, my nation; therefore, I do not wish

the farmer to compete with people who can live as cheaply as my Jirikisha man lived while I was in Japan for some two years and a fraction. I paid him fifteen yen a month, which was seven dollars and fifty cents of American money. He supported himself and his wife and two children, and assured me he had never before earned so much as I had paid him.

I quote from the remarks of the General Superintendent of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, Mr. Brigham R. Smoot:

"No industry in these United States commensurate with its size furnishes more labor opportunities in all of its ramifications than does the beet sugar industry."

"Through the sale of sugar produced from the 1933 crop, approximately \$20,000,000 of new money was brought into Utah and Idaho. Out of this amount nearly one-half went to the farmers, approximately \$3,500,000 to railroads. [For instance, we have a factory in Dakota, and my dear friend who made a fine speech here, President Sargent, gets some of our freight money.]

"The Chicago & North Western Railroad received a considerable amount of this money. Company payrolls \$2,650,000, for coal \$850,000, for lime rock \$300,000, for coke and miscellaneous operating supplies \$400,000, giving an aggregate of approximately \$17,750,000 that in a large measure goes directly or indirectly to labor and not to breach-clout labor."

"Time will not permit further discussion of the many other benefits of the beet sugar industry to both agriculture and commerce in our intermountain territory, so we must rest our case and propose a mental resolution of the deepest appreciation to the hardy, farseeing, never-say-die pioneers of this local industry, and to those who have so bravely carried on."

I cannot close my remarks without paying a tribute of respect to Henry Ford, the chief inspiration of this Council. Incidentally, I might remark that I had a large seven passenger open car that gave me pleasure in viewing the mountain scenery in Utah, but when Mr. Ford made his change from the car they called a "Tin Lizzie," I took a ride around Mount Timpanogos, one of our scenic wonders, in a little Ford car that I immediately named "Queen Elizabeth," which saves thirty per cent of the time; and instead of being switched from one side of the big car to the other, I just sneaked around the short curves. I am still riding in "Queen Elizabeth."

You will pardon me for announcing that the leading officials of the Mormon Church have requested the members of the Church who are in good standing to discontinue receiving relief from the government, ex-



cept in cases where wages are paid for services rendered. This announcement was made less than a month ago, and thus far the people are responding in a splendid way. In one of our counties the Church officials have arranged that every person shall have the use of at least one acre of ground on which to produce all the vegetables that his family may need, following the example set by Mr. Ford in his thrift gardens.

If I could only go back and have it retroactive, I would be entitled in four or five months to \$48,000 if our

friend Townsend's plan could only succeed. There wouldn't be any Presidency of the Mormon Church if men were retired at sixty. There would be but one of our present Twelve Apostles active today. There wouldn't have been a man by the name of Heber J. Grant presiding over the Mormon Church because he was beyond sixty at the time he became President of the Church. One of his predecessors was eighty-five and he managed the Church in magnificent shape for three years. His predecessor was

eighty odd and lived to be ninety-one.

"Age is a quality of mind.  
If your dreams you've left behind,  
If hope is cold,  
If you no longer look ahead,  
If ambition's fires are dead,  
Then you are old.

"But if from life you take the best,  
And if in life you keep the zest,  
If love you hold,  
No matter how the years roll by,  
No matter how the birthdays fly,  
You are not old."

## SECOND RESPONSE BY PRESIDENT GRANT AT CHEMURGIC CONFERENCE

THE FOLLOWING evening, Wednesday, May 13, President Grant delivered by special request the following address at the banquet given to the delegates to the conference. The toastmaster, Hon. Francis P. Garvan, said, in introducing President Grant:

"Ladies and gentlemen: In response to many requests from all over the hall I have been able to induce one of our guests to give you the great treat of hearing from him once more at this conference. I know that every one of you knows whom I mean (applause); a young blade from out West, who has brought to us inspiration, relaxation, enjoyment, and now anticipation drifts into the realm. I beg to introduce President Heber J. Grant" (applause):

President Grant:—I want to express my gratitude for this wonderful applause. It might interest you people to know that I spent three years in Europe and that during that entire three years I was not able to get one line in the newspaper in refutation of some of the most libelous attacks upon the people that I represent.

Certainly it is a marvelous thing that the President of the Church should receive applause as I have here tonight from this body of men. Truth is the rock foundation of every great character, and we believe that we have the truth. The change is something marvelous and I lack the language to express my gratitude for it. The prejudice against the Mormons has all disappeared. I am grateful for it.

I think Will Rogers got off a very

fine thing when he said "the greatest statesman the South had produced in two decades was the Texas mule that refused to tramp out the third row of cotton." The mule would have saved us our cotton industry instead of letting it go to Brazil.

England is now being urged to raise sugar beets out of which to make beet sugar for preserving and canning, which is the sort of thing that Dr. Taylor has just been telling you to do. We have in Utah a great mine that handled in a single day eighty thousand tons of copper ore with less than one per cent of copper. What has made that possible? Machinery. That is what causes employment.

So far as farming is concerned I want to tell you that it is the splendid blood from the farm that keeps the cities from dying with their immoral weight. (Applause.)

Fifty-two per cent of all of the missionaries that have been sent out into the world by our Church, as high as 2200 at a time, at their own expense and the expense of their families, came from the farm.

You know that when I heard the song about the Wild Irish Rose, I couldn't help but think of the natural wit of the Irish. One of my friends told me some splendid stories of their wit. I won't take up all the time, but will tell only one thing on the Irish. I saw in the morning paper, in the *Liverpool World*, that an Irishman who stepped into one of the compartments of a British railroad car the day before to go to London, found there an English dude with one eye of his face

twisted up to hold his monocle, and with a dog occupying the only vacant seat in the compartment. The Irishman who was obliged to stand, tried to get the dude into conversation, but all he could get out of him was "yes," "no," "yes," "no." Finally the Irishman said, "Fine dog you have there, sir." The answer came, "Yes." "And what breed might he be?" The owner of the dog answered: "Oh, he is cross between an Irishman and a cur." "Faith and jabbers, he's related to both of us."

The difference between the wit of an Irishman and a Dutchman is illustrated in the following story. They were wrecked on an island, and the only thing that floated aboard the island was a large bologna sausage. Pat said to Hans: "Now, Hans, if you cut that bologna sausage in two, and each eat a half, we will both die before the ship comes back. It will be two weeks before it returns. If one man has the whole bologna sausage he may live. It is better for one to live than two to die, will you fight for it?" Hans said: "All right." Then Pat said, "We have been lifelong friends; what a pity it would be to maul each other to death. Why not put the sausage in our mouths and pull for it? Again Hans said: "All right." When they had the ends of the sausage in their mouths Pat said between his tightly closed teeth: "Are you ready, are you ready?" and Hans, with full open mouth, said, "Yah."

I think my time is up. I thank you. (Applause.)

THE MESSAGE of this thought-provoking article is stated in Elder Richards' own words: "I wish everyone would beware of deductions and generalizations that seem to controvert the revealed words of God."

Such a message is sorely needed in our day. There is no danger in knowledge, itself. Indeed, Latter-day Saints look forward to an eternal increase in knowledge. But, evil lifts its head when men of learning give their scientific or theological interpretations and inferences the dignity of factual knowledge. That is a misuse of knowledge. The Church accepts all truth but differentiates sharply between stable facts and changing inferences. That should be the duty of all intelligent people.

With respect to the origin of mankind, as quoted by Elder Richards from Sir Ambrose Fleming, the Church knows that man, who has always been man, lived in a preexistent spiritual state, that he came upon earth in obedience to a plan formulated by divinity; and that he became clothed, here, with an earthly body, which after death he shall recover and possess eternally in a purified imperishable condition. Beyond that, the Church makes no assertions. In the light of that knowledge the old doctrine, for example, that man and earth were created from nothing becomes a false theological hypothesis. In the progress of time, through advancing science or direct revelation, further light may be shed on the many problems that arise when the origin of life on earth is discussed.



# A BELIEF THAT WELCOMES ALL TRUTH

By STEPHEN L RICHARDS

*Of the Council of the Twelve*

"BIBLICAL TEACHING IS NOT INCONSISTENT WITH ANY DEFINITELY ASCERTAINED FACTS WITH REGARD TO EARLY MANKIND."—SIR AMBROSE FLEMING, Kt., M. A., D. Sc., D. Eng., F. R. S.

I PROPOSE to quote copiously from a book recently published under the title *The Origin of Mankind*. In order to make the quotations impressive I must tell you something about the author, Sir Ambrose Fleming, Kt., M. A., D. Sc., D. Eng., F. R. S., etc.

Sir Ambrose is the President of the Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain, the President of the Television Society, Emeritus Professor of Electrical Engineering in the University of London, Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Fellow of University College, London. He is the inventor of the thermionic valve and has been closely and practically connected with the beginnings in Great Britain of the three great inventions, the telephone, incandescent electric lighting, and wireless telegraphy.

I hope this information sufficiently qualifies this expert witness to make you respect his testimony. Strangely enough this man of science begins his book with a quotation from the scriptures:

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

"Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

With these lofty concepts of the eighth Psalm as a premise, the author proceeds to a discussion of the evolutionary theory of human or-

igin and sets up what seems to be a strong and convincing argument "to show that the Biblical teaching is not inconsistent with any definitely ascertained facts with regard to early mankind." This man says that he wrote the book because of the erroneous conviction existing in many minds that "the progress of science has destroyed all possibility of belief in miraculous or supernatural events as recorded in the scriptures." He expresses solicitude for the young particularly when he says "Whatever may be the effect on the religious opinions of adults or of scientific men of an adherence to this evolutionary theory of human origin, it is unquestionable that it is disastrous to the ethical development or spiritual life of the young or uneducated to lead them to believe that 'men are descended from monkeys,' or that 'the Chimpanzees or gorillas are men's nearest relatives'."

This scientific man does not believe that "the human being is nothing but an improved animal." Being scientific he substantiates his belief with reasons.

HE FIRST analyzes man and contrasts him with all other animal life. He points out six great distinctions between animal and man which are distinctions of kind and not merely of degree.

First—*Form*—"In man the natural position of the spine in locomotion is vertical or pointed upwards,—the head is poised on it so that the face looks forward and up-

ward. On the other hand in the vertebrate animal the position of the spine in locomotion is for the most part horizontal or nearly parallel to the earth. The position of the head is forward and downward. The animal, as it were, clings to the earth as its natural habitat with gaze directed downward. The man, on the contrary, has the earth beneath his feet and his face turned towards the heavens as if the earth were only a temporary dwelling place. There is no evidence that in his earliest days man was in any degree greatly different in form."

**Second—Constructiveness**—The animal has no tools. Nature has provided him with teeth, beak, claws, hoofs and horns—with fur, feathers, scales or thick hide, but he has only that which nature has given him. Man, however, is completely undefended by natural weapons. He has to make his spear, arrow or knife,—he has to cover his bare and sensitive skin to protect him from cold or heat. He opposes the far greater strength of the beast with his constructiveness.

**Third—Progressiveness**—There is no evidence to show that animals left to themselves ever make any progress. "Even the domesticated animals which have been for thousands of years in the company of man are not now more advanced than they were at the beginning, and, left to themselves, would soon lose any acquired powers. But man is always improving his tools, his weapons, dress, dwelling places and conditions."

**Fourth—Use of Fire**—"No animal has ever discovered by itself how to create fire. But by fire man creates artificial warmth, cooks food, melts and prepares metals" and creates many of the facilities of civilization.

**Fifth—Burial Customs**—"No animal buries its dead companions or exhibits the very slightest signs that it possesses any sense of a personality capable of surviving death. But from the very earliest ages we have evidence in fossil remains of man that he buried his dead with some ceremonial and perhaps with provision of food in such manner as to show that he regarded revival or resurrection of the body possible."

**Sixth—Mental and Spiritual Potentialities**—"The human baby and the infant chimpanzees are not so strikingly different at their birth. But wait a few years,—the human child can speak. It knows the words



STEPHEN L. RICHARDS

for many common things and actions and begins to exhibit its creative powers, artistic, mechanical or observational. The ape remains what it was. The words 'right' and 'wrong' can be made to have a meaning for the human child. They have none at all for an animal of any kind."

WE ARE next introduced to a consideration of matter,—its structure and nature. I am not physicist enough to reproduce for you with any degree of adequacy the argument in this field. It seems that "everything in nature" appears to be of the character of a vibration of some sort and that the "fundamental elements of which the physical universe is composed are three,—namely, electrons, positrons or protons, and neutrons, a trinity of units." These elements always exist, cannot be destroyed and the different kinds of matter,—form, shape and weight are the result of wave-like motion in these elemental properties.

The philosophies and theories of different schools of science are set out in their effort to explain how these particles of matter arrange themselves so as to constitute a clod of earth, an ugly toad or a beautiful maiden. Sir Ambrose Fleming points out the inability of the materialist to offer satisfactory explanation and that "we are on surer and more solid ground when we take as the final link in our chain of causation the Thought in a Universal Mind.

"Centuries ago Greek philosophers came to the conclusion that the relation of mind to body is similar to that between a musician and his instrument. Any injury to the instrument limits the power of the musician to produce music. But the instrument alone can yield no music by itself, whereas the musician can survive the entire destruction of his instrument and may even, when provided with a new one, make better music than before. There must be some part of the human body which corresponds to the musician whilst the material body cells are his instrument. It controls the upbuilding of the body but does not necessarily cease to exist if the body is destroyed."

Evolution is held to be insufficient as a cause. It is pointed out that Charles Darwin who is credited with being the originator of the theory of evolution did not himself consider evolution to be sufficient as a first cause or creative factor.

It would seem therefore that Darwin did not preclude the idea of Divine Creation. But many of the evolutionists have gone much further than he and have stoutly maintained that this doctrine of accidental natural selection is sufficient to account for everything, even the origin of man. Sir Ambrose, while admitting that we cannot explain the processes of creation, maintains inadequacy of evolution as a creative cause and without denying the influence of environment on animal form says that "it is necessary also to take account of a directive power which may be called 'Divine Selection' to explain the vast and various forms of animal life."

THE MOST interesting parts of the book, however, are those which relate to the question of human origin and the evidence for Divine Creation. The so-called missing links of the evolutionists are discussed in considerable detail. Accounts are reviewed of the discovery in Germany of the skull cap and fragments which were declared sufficient to warrant the assumption of a primitive race of men with low cerebral development and great bodily strength who have been named by the scientists the Neanderthal race.

This was in 1863. In 1891 a Dutch army surgeon, excavating in Java, found an upper molar tooth he thought was out of an ape. About a yard away he found the top of a skull and a second tooth and about

fifty feet away a left thigh bone which had human characteristics. These few scattered fragments were given the pretentious name of *Pithecanthropus erectus* or the upright man. This was declared to be an ancestor of modern man. Sir Ambrose says, with reference to this discovery, "To anyone accustomed to or trained in the exact reasoning and strict definitions required in mathematics or physics, it is a matter for surprise to notice the loose, inconclusive arguments and ill-defined terms employed by some Darwinian anthropologists. For example, there is not a shadow of proof that the four fragments of bone comprising the so-called *Pithecanthropus erectus* belonged to one individual or were deposited in the ground at the same time. But all difficulties are covered up by the adoption of this grand name, which takes for granted the very thing required to be proved. If any similar shaky argument was put forward in a court of law, say in a criminal trial, it would be dismissed as inadequate without any hesitation by judge or jury. Nevertheless, the anthropologists venture boldly on this thin ice and find no difficulty in making it the basis of an argument for the evolutionary origin of Man."

There is set forth also the discovery of the Heidelberg-man in 1907, consisting of a part of a jaw bone with teeth in it of human type but with a rounded front or an absence of projecting chin-bone. From these fragments the evolutionary imagination proceeded to make drawings of the head of this Heidelberg-man, declared to be a stage in advance of the Java man. Then in 1911 the Piltdown man was discovered in England and with its smooth forehead but ape-like jaw, in accordance with evolutionary ideas, was christened the Dawn-man and asserted to be a sample of a new stage of modern man in process of making. Drawings and busts were accordingly made. Later scientific opinion has declared that the skull was the skull of a modern man but that the jaw was that of an ape.

OTHER discoveries are described and our author says: "It is the custom of many evolutionists to make large deductions from single specimens or from very few instances, and also to think that a single specimen of fragmentary remains may always be taken to be quite typical of a large number of such beings living at the same time on earth."

And with respect to the geologic periods which are supposed to represent the time of living of these so-called human ancestors, it is pointed out that there are sources of error. "In the first place, earthquakes, floods, or shift of strata by recent 'faults' may displace human fossils and bury them subsequent to death in much older strata than correspond to the time when they actually lived. Then in the next place some animals

became extinct in one district long before they did in others, and if we find human fossils with bones of mammoth or *Dinotherium*, or other now extinct mammals, it requires some caution in making deductions as to age. Thus, for instance, in the asphalt beds of California, the skeleton of a woman of modern Indian type was found in close association with the bones of the long extinct saber-toothed tiger.

"The upshot of it all is that we cannot arrange all the known fossil remains of supposed 'man' in a lineal series gradually advancing in type or form."

"It is entirely misleading and unspeakably pernicious to put forward in popular magazines or other publications read by children pictures of gorillas or chimpanzees labelled 'Man's cousin' or 'Man's nearest relative,' or to publish perfectly imaginary and grotesque pictures of a supposed 'Java man' with brutish face as an ancestor of modern man, as is occasionally done. Those who do such things are guilty of ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation.

"There is no sufficient evidence to show that human language has been gradually evolved from non-articulate noises as made by true animals.

"Another great and unique quality of the human race of which not the least trace appears in any animal is the religious instinct. Great efforts have been made by the evolutionists to show that this has been gradually evolved from the phenomena of sleep and dreams, from the attribution of life to moving objects, the dual phenomena in Nature, some beneficial, such as sunshine and gentle rain, or disasters such as floods and storms. But now all of this has been shown by the researchers to be entirely mistaken. It has been proved by a careful analysis of the religious ideas of a large number of modern and ancient tribes of men, that all of their religious ideas have at their base a fundamental monotheistic faith in one Supreme High God.

"Then, further," says the author, "we can bring forward an effective argument against human evolution from the rate of growth of human population. The number of human beings on this earth, as far as we know, has always continued to increase in the past." We have no exact data for the world population nineteen hundred years ago, but certain not improbable reckonings



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would make it about seventy to eighty millions.

It has therefore doubled several times in the last nineteen hundred years. In order to give time for the evolution of the human race from animal progenitors, the evolutionists are obliged to suppose an immense time period, a million years or more for the process. Supposing that the human race has been on this earth even for a period of a hundred thousand years and multiplying only at such a slow rate that the human population took 1000 years to double, then it can easily be shown that the progeny of even one single pair of human beings in the course of one hundred thousand years would have to be counted to a number only expressed by 30 digits. It would be a million billion billion at least. There would not be standing room for them on the earth at present. To produce the present population of two thousand million from one couple in 100,000 years it would be necessary for the rate of increase to be so slow that it took on the average 3,300 years to double in number. Still more slowly would it have to increase if we take the space of human existence to be a million years. But if this very slow average rate of increase is to take place it inevitably implies that either the birth-rate must be very small or the death-rate very large. Both these conditions are antagonistic to evolutionary progress. The Darwinian natural selection demands a copious birth-rate, because it is not every germ or embryo which possesses by chance some advantageous improvement fitting it more perfectly to live in its environment. A high death-rate is not favorable to such survival of the fittest.

And now, says the author, "Having shown, as we hope, that the theory of human origin from animal ancestors by natural selection does not sufficiently explain the facts, we must then consider the alternative, namely, the statement that the human race had its origin in special creation by Divine Power. Many critics would then say that we are passing quite out of the realm of science. We are not entitled, however, to say that the truth or actuality of the occurrence of any event is dependent upon our present power to understand its nature or mode of operation. We all know that we can see and that vision is dependent upon light. But we do not know at the present time the actual nature of

a ray of light or the exact process of vision. All that we can do in these cases is to examine the available evidence for the event, no matter what it may be."

THEN FOLLOWS a discussion of the Bible, "that collection of Hebrew and Jewish literature consisting of 66 books,—39 in the Old Testament and 27 in the New,—written over a period extending from 800

to 1500 years, by writers most of whom did not know each other and did not know that the books would ultimately be included in one volume, and yet having a certain unity of tone and purpose through it all. There is nothing of the same kind in any other national literature,—ancient or modern, declares the author, and "what is the subject of it all? The answer is that it all centers round and concerns the nature, functions, power and work of a particular Unique Personage, a Man, yet more than a man, who was and is to be the Ruler, Redeemer, King and Savior of Mankind. His coming and character is predicted in the Old Testament books and His work and achievements in the New. He was not in any way the product of an evolutionary development, for He possessed astonishing and unique powers which no man had before or has had since. . . . He possessed abnormal and Divine powers of instantaneous creation. He could transform water into wine at a word, multiply a few loaves and fishes to feed thousands, bring shoals of fish into a net in a lake where none could be found just before, walk on stormy waves and still them with a word, heal instantly chronic organic disease, and raise again the dead to life.

"A large number of persons are prepared to say, and do say, that these accounts are not descriptions of actual occurrences but are fictions and myths. Some have even ventured to assert that the whole of the biographies also are fictitious and that no such person ever lived.

"But all these statements are only possible of acceptance by those who have not examined at all deeply the evidence for the events. The actuality of the above mentioned exceptional events is all-important relative to the question of human origin. Because if they did take place as stated in the New Testament books, and if these statements are true to fact and not human inventions, then they unquestionably certify to the occurrence even within the limits of historic time, of happenings and of acts of creation which lie quite outside of the range of that uniform causation studied in scientific research or even ordinary life.

"The questions cannot be dismissed by mere denial of occurrence. The evidence for these events can be classified under three headings: (1) documentary, (2) historical, (3) circumstantial."

The reader would be interested in this evidence if space permitted its



"MAN IS COMPLETELY UNDEFENDED BY NATURAL WEAPONS . . . BUT HE IS ALWAYS IMPROVING HIS TOOLS, HIS WEAPONS, DRESS, DWELLING PLACES AND CONDITIONS."

reprinting, but one of the conclusions is this:

"If, however, the wave theory of matter corresponds in any way to reality then the creation of matter may only involve the generation of these waves and control of their direction in a certain way. On what grounds are we to declare this to be incredible or impossible, because we now cannot understand how it is done? If the wave-theory of matter is not entirely a delusive idea but in any sense a truth, then all that we call Material Substance is mere arrangement or change of arrangement of parts of some uniformly distributed medium."

CHRIST evidently had the secret of and power over such arrangement and so was a Creator. To a limited extent man too is himself a "creator or originator and in that sense is not merely a creation but a son or offspring of the Supreme Creator. He was therefore made in the image of God' and given a constructive and governing power not possessed by any previously created animal. All of which is evidenced to us by the creative power of the Lord Jesus Christ."

There is a chapter in Sir Ambrose Fleming's book giving the evidence to prove the actuality of Biblical events,—the Flood, the Patriarchs, the history of Joseph, the residence of Israelites in Egypt and the Exodus; and, says the author:

"Anyone therefore, who will study with an unbiased mind the record of the exploratory work and truly scientific literary analysis which has been undertaken by recent scholars will be convinced that much of the destructive criticism of the Bible is devoid of any true basis."

The author's conclusion is "that the evolutionary theory of the origin of the human race over a vast span of past time, from animal ancestors by Darwinian natural selection or any other automatic process is not a demonstrated truth in accordance

with all the facts. It can only be adopted by ignoring a large range of well-certified events which constitute the historic basis of the Christian faith, and it is inconsistent with the teaching of the Scriptures of truth as regards human origin, nature, and destiny. Hence its widespread popularization must be regarded as one of the effective causes of the advancing paganism which afflicts the world today."

I agree with most of the author's conclusions but I do not hold out his arguments as being incontrovertible. I would not presume to do this because I do not pretend to know the views of many educated men on these subjects, but it is my deliberate purpose to stimulate the faith that I know exists and to demonstrate as best I may that our faith in spiritual realities need not be disturbed or weakened, much less destroyed by scientific hypotheses and generalizations.

IT is a hazardous thing to adopt new philosophies, which controvert traditional concepts and established thinking on vital subjects, without long and deliberate consideration and reflection. Everyone should study the sciences. Everyone should know more of the great discoveries of the physicists, the chemists and the astronomers, but everyone should beware of deductions and generalizations that seem to controvert the revealed word of God.

In the book referred to, an eminent scientist rebukes many of his fellow scientists for unwarranted conclusions. If these scholars cannot agree among themselves, what warrant is there for any of us lesser lights to abandon the faith and philosophy of our fathers for disputed theories? I think the reader will agree that there is no justification for such an abandonment.

No one need be ashamed to admit that he cannot explain all that he believes or all that he knows. Who can? We have in Sir Ambrose Flem-

ing's book the frank admission of a great scientist, an inventor of electrical devices including a part of the incandescent globe, that he does not understand the nature of light. Who can explain just what light is,—what electricity is, and the elementary nature of gravitation, heat and magnetism? Shall we say that because we cannot adequately explain these forces of nature we deny their existence? We certainly will not! Nor will we deny the love of mother, sweetheart, or of a little child because we cannot fully account for these emotions. And we will not deny the existence of God because we cannot fully explain Him and His work.

We have seen how it is impossible to account for the universe and man without a Master Mind giving direction and purpose to all things. We have seen how in the generosity and kindness of God man has been created with Divine Endowment in the image of God and placed in dominion over all things; and how progressiveness and endless development leading him to an imitation of the divine creative power is a part of his endowment.

It is an explicable mystery how, with such knowledge, man can cease to be grateful, how he can turn from the worship of his Creator and deny the very source of his life. Somehow I can not think that men are really happy in such denial. It is possibly true that they may take some pride and passing pleasure in the development and exposition of the novel, man-made philosophies which they concoct, but I cannot think that through the whole course of life the denial of God and Christ brings peace and satisfaction. On the other hand I believe that simple faith in divine reality, unwavering and undisturbed by every wind of doctrine, is the surest guarantee for mental peace, consistent living and enduring happiness. The past has demonstrated this and the present is doing so impressively.



# THE ARTICLES OF FAITH

## VI. *The Need and Nature of Authority*

READ THE FIFTH ARTICLE OF FAITH

THE PERMANENT value and the power of an organization or movement are properly measured by its authority. In turn, authority arises from a two-fold root, knowledge, and the correct use of knowledge.

In every day life, sufficient knowledge is required, under the law, of the man who wires a house for electricity, builds a storage dam, or fills a decayed tooth, and these workers are expected to perform their labors for the good of man. The person who knows may speak and act with authority. Divine omnipotence itself must be the product of omniscience. In the fulness of his knowledge lies God's mastery over universal forces. From out of that limitless power, issues his authority. The direction of that authority, for the good of man, is born of the Lord's infinite love. His knowledge is justly and lovingly applied and becomes divine mercy.

The relationship of authority to knowledge, righteously used, appears and reappears in the communications of the Lord to man. "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance;" (D. & C., Sec. 131:6) and "if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come." (D. & C., 130:19) "Knowledge is the pathway up to God;" the "Priesthood . . . holdeth the key of the mysteries of the kingdom, even the key of the knowledge of God." (D. & C., 84:19.) In scores of places in sacred writ, knowledge is set forth as a need and a reward of those who would conform to the laws of the plan of salvation.

Authority based on knowledge may be called absolute authority. There is, however, another type known as derived authority. One who knows much may direct one who knows less to perform certain tasks. The highly trained electrician may authorize one who knows little or nothing of the science of electricity to close a switch and thereby to flood a whole city with light. In some such way the Lord, possessing a fullness of knowledge, confers upon

By DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

*Of the Council of the Twelve*

THIS WRITING BY DR. WIDTSOE, DEALING WITH THE FIFTH ARTICLE OF FAITH, IS THE SIXTH OF A SERIES DEVOTED TO THE ARTICLES OF FAITH OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS WHICH ARE REPRODUCED IN FULL IN THE CENTER COLUMN BOX BELOW.

man, who has yet much knowledge to gain, the authority (known as Priesthood in the Church of Christ)

to perform certain acts in connection with the plan of salvation. Since man's knowledge is incomplete and imperfect, his authority with respect to the work of the Lord must always be of a compound nature—absolute and derived.

Nevertheless, every person must, with all his might, use his authority, whether absolute or derived, intelligently and in the full light of knowledge. And, he must anxiously, ceaselessly seek for further knowledge and understanding, so that his authority may be exercised properly. A servant who does not acquaint himself with his duties cannot successfully carry out the requests of his leader. The first obligation of a person called to a position in the Church is to learn to know and understand his new duties and their requirements, to add knowledge to knowledge so that he may perform his labors to the satisfaction of all concerned. The act of ordination to the Priesthood, or the setting apart to an office in the Church, is completed only when the duties implied are performed intelligently. In the words of Brigham Young, "the Priesthood does not wait for ignorance."

The plan of salvation was formulated and put into operation by our Father in Heaven, whose knowledge and authority are the greatest. The Church is the agent of the Lord in carrying out, on earth, the provisions of the plan. The Church must therefore be able to show that its authority has been derived from the Lord. This was done historically in four visitations to the Prophet Joseph Smith, three of which were participated in by Oliver Cowdery. First, in 1820, the Father and the

### ARTICLES OF FAITH *Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.
3. We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.
7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.
11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.
12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.
13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: "We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."—Joseph Smith.

Son appeared; in 1829, John the Baptist, then Peter, James, and John appeared and conferred, respectively, the Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthoods; and in 1836, several personages of ancient days committed their authority to the present dispensations. (D. & C. 110.) These visitors who brought authority from the unseen world had received their authority from or could trace it to Jesus the Christ, who in turn received his authority from His Father. The Priesthood of every man in the Church should be susceptible of being traced back to the Lord, through Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. In fact nearly all Priesthood holders in the Church do possess and cherish their Priesthood pedigrees.

SINCE the plan of salvation is the Lord's, the working out of its provisions on earth must be by His authority. Otherwise, the independent assumption of leadership and responsibility by various men would lead to disorder and chaos, both repugnant to the intelligent mind; and might injure other men, for all live under the plan. There is only one source of authority in the Church—that which may be traced back, in an orderly manner, to the visitations to Joseph Smith.

The authority derived from the Lord is known as Priesthood. It is committed to man first to meet personal needs, and also to be used within the Church for carrying out the purposes of the plan of salvation. Since Priesthood roots in knowledge and the intelligent use of knowledge, it must be a real force, a real power, to be used in solving any or all problems of life, whether personal or within the Church. Priesthood is more than a title. It may be likened to the current of electricity which helps man perform his work. It is God's great gift, by which man may be able measurably to do God-like works. Again, in the words of Brigham Young, "it is the law by which the worlds are, were, and will continue forever."

Authority in the Priesthood is

conferred according to divine prescription. Those holding authority confer it under proper direction upon others who have lesser authority, or who have none. Those who are to confer the Priesthood, or set apart for any service in the Church should approach their Heavenly Father, so that the act may be approved by Him—that is, every formal call to any office in the Priesthood or the Church should be of God, through the power of inspiration. Then, by "the laying on of hands by those who are in authority," the proposed authority is conferred upon the candidate. It is a very orderly, simple procedure. It should be noted that Priesthood cannot be conferred by letter or by word of mouth, but only by physical contact, by "the laying on of hands." This was made clear in the first revelation to Joseph Smith, which says "I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah." (D. & C., Section 2.)

It is evident that Priesthood, essentially the power of God, may exist, whether or not the Church is upon earth. The Lord has possessed His Priesthood or power from "the beginning." Nevertheless, it has been so ordained, that whenever the Church of God is upon earth, all Priesthood on earth should function within it. The Church is the keeper, under the Lord, of the plan of salvation, and of the Priesthood necessary to carry out the provisions of the plan. There can be no holders of the Priesthood who are independent of the Church. This principle is brought out forcefully in the history of the Church. Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery had been ordained Apostles by Peter, James and John, and required under that authority to organize the Church of Christ. Yet, after the act of organization was accomplished, Joseph and Oliver were ordained Elders in the Church, that is the Priesthood that they had received was brought under and made a part of the organization of the Church. Indeed, those who had been formerly baptized, for the remission of their sins, including Jos-

eph and Oliver, were rebaptized to become members of the Church. (D. & C., Sec. 22.) Any claim to Priesthood or Priesthood authority by those not members of the Church is false and invalid.

Similarly, excommunication from the Church removes from a man every vestige of Priesthood power that he may have possessed. If Priesthood is founded in the light of knowledge, then the man who allows himself to descend to depths of darkness warranting excommunication, cannot legitimately retain his Priesthood power. Should such an excommunicated person repent and be rebaptized, he must have his Priesthood reconfirmed upon his head by the laying on of hands. The claim by excommunicated persons that they retain their Priesthood is also false and invalid. The Church and Priesthood are interwoven; when the Church is upon earth neither can exist independently.

In Summary: The high commission of the Church requires authority from the author of the plan of salvation, which is in the keeping of the Church. This has been received under the name of Priesthood. Since Priesthood represents knowledge intelligently used, every Priesthood-bearer must seek enlightenment concerning his obligations and privileges. Every Priesthood act should further be performed after an appeal to the Lord for guidance, and in harmony with the revealed word of God. Whenever the Church is on earth, all Priesthood on earth is a part of its organization; no Priesthood-bearer is independent of the regularly organized Church.

The strength and power of the Church are in its divinely given Priesthood. As it functions so will the Church prosper. In fact the whole truth of the Church depends on the validity of the Priesthood of the Church. Fearless of successful refutation, the Church declares that to it has been committed the authority of the Priesthood, for the blessing of mankind and the advancement of the plan of salvation.





WM. R. PALMER

# THE RELIGION OF THE PIUTES

By WILLIAM R. PALMER

*President of Parowan Stake*

PRESIDENT WILLIAM R. PALMER, a life-long student of Indian lore, whose knowledge of tribal customs and beliefs has come from intimate association with the tribe itself, here offers new light on some little known facts. "True," says the author, "the Piute world is filled with good and bad spirits, with witches, ghosts, gnomes, devils, and gods both carnate and incarnate, but far beyond and above this veritable cloud of jostling spiritual influences and animistic forces stand 'Tobats' and 'Shinob,' the brother gods, transcendent in omnipotent glory."

## I. SACRED REGARD FOR TRIBAL BELIEFS

THE religious concepts of the various races of the human family are, to most of us, questions of compelling interest. Particularly is this true of primitive peoples who have had no written language and whose beliefs have been preserved and handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation.

The traditions of an unlettered people are of necessity short and simple, for it is impossible for the mind of man to build up complex philosophies without the aid of a written language in which to set down his mental guide posts. For this reason we find the religious beliefs of the early American Indians woven into a mass of simple stories that have been taught by father to son for generations back.

So deep-seated has been the desire to worship among all races, and so tenaciously have peoples of the same stock held to their spiritual beliefs that ethnologists have found this aspect of tribal metaphysics to be one of the best guides in the classification of races. For the same reasons, perhaps, the archeologist is prone to believe that every ruin of unusual design is a ceremonial

SAYS THE AUTHOR, AN ADOPTED SON OF THE PIUTE TRIBE: "IN ALL MY LIFE I HAVE NEVER HEARD AN INDIAN PROFANE THE NAME OF HIS GODS."

chamber, every hieroglyphic he cannot decipher is a religious emblem, and every artifact he cannot classify is a ritualistic symbol or device pertaining to some ancient form of worship.

Although our scientists have spent much painstaking effort in excavating ruins and classifying potsherds, the minds of the descendants of those ancient races have not been as carefully sifted.

The living Indians can tell us more about the customs and beliefs of their ancient progenitors than we have supposed. This field of research presents peculiar problems which few men have equipped themselves to handle. First, one must know something of the Indian language, and, second, he must have welcome entree to the inmost hearts of the older men and women of the tribe who know the legends. The latter is the rarest privilege that a white man can enjoy.

The Indians of the southwest, and particularly the Piutes whose tribal customs are more familiar to me than those of other tribes, have taken great pains to preserve in purity their ancient religious beliefs. Such legends as deal with their relationship to a Supreme Being are endowed with all the sanctity of a page of scripture. They are never lightly spoken. Concerning some of these stories there is a superstition that they must never be told entirely in one sitting. Part may be recited today and the rest next week or next moon. The telling of some legends must be so arranged that there will be a change of seasons between the

time when the story is commenced and its conclusion. Some of the sacred stories are guarded by the rattlesnake and may be told with safety only in the season when *towab* is in hibernation.

When Major Powell, the famous explorer of the Colorado River, pressed the Piutes to tell him their sacred stories, they said it was not the proper season. Their answer was not, as he supposed, mere subterfuge. The rattlesnake was awake from his winter slumber and they dared not risk his venom. Instead of their sacred legends, they told the Major the fantastic story of the "one-two boy." Of such importance are the sacred legends among the Piutes that one man in the tribe is selected as their keeper. His is a sort of priestly calling. He bears the title *Narro-gue-nap*, and he is an honored man among his people. In all my life I have never heard an Indian profane the names of his gods. This seems to be one of the white man's questionable habits.

The principal purpose of the tribal pow-wow, (*Soparovan* is their name for the big council) when all the scattered bands and clans come together, is to recount the sacred legends. The word *so-pa-ro-ie* means gathering together. *So-pa-ro-van* is the all embracing term for the social, religious, and civic or political functions which collectively make up the conference. The *Soparovan* extends over several days and nights. Part of the time is given over to dancing the ceremonial dances, more is devoted to the song fest where the social and sacred

songs are taught, but most important of all is the section called *Umpugiva Shinob*—talks about God.

To this meeting the Indians come in the attitude of sincere men going to church. When the *Narro-gwe-nap* stands forth to tell his stories the audience listens with attention. If anyone present detects an error in the telling, or a change in the legend, the speaker is stopped and the matter is openly discussed. The conclave decides what is right, then the oracle is permitted to proceed. In this painstaking manner the sacred tribal legends have been handed down by succeeding generations since ancient times. The meeting called *Umpugiva Shinob*, the white man is seldom permitted to attend, but being a Piute by adoption, and an intimate and lifelong friend of the tribe, I have been granted the unique privilege of hearing the sacred stories.

## II. THE INDIAN DOCTOR AND THE MEDICINE MAN

THE COMMON belief among white men is that the "doctor" or the "medicine man" constitutes the clergy in Indian religion. Moreover, doctor and medicine man are supposed to be one and the same thing. This is a false impression. The doctor may or may not be the medicine man and neither of them performs any priestly function. Nothing that pertains to them or to their craft is sacrosanct. No special deference is paid them as men in league with supernatural powers, though it is presumed that both have hit upon some necromantic secret which gives them a certain power to cure or to prevent human suffering. The fact is that there may be, and frequently is, jealous rivalry between the two as representing different schools of thought in the healing arts. Superstition is the basis on which both rest. The doctor is a faith healer, while the medicine man drives the demons of disease away with concoctions of dried lizard blood, burnt crow feathers, or whatever else his spirit tutor advises him to use.

An Indian has a troubled dream, accidental or deliberately sought, in which he hears a witch, or a spirit, sing a few measures of song, or chant a "rigamarole" of words, or recite some abracadabra formula over one who is ill. The spirits have thereby conferred on the dreamer their powers for healing the sick. The Indian announces his dream and in proof repeats the thing he has heard,

"**OLD POSEY**" whose story, "*The Outlaw of Navajo Mountain*," begins in next month's issue of "*The Improvement Era*" was of the Piute tribe, concerning whose religion this article speaks.

whereupon he is hailed as a doctor. He is accepted as such by his tribesmen, but it will be well for him if not too many of his patients die on his hands. The spirits that endowed him may have been evil and the enchantment received be one of destruction. The tree must be judged by its fruits and only time and experience can determine the source from whence the spiritual gift emanated. If the doctor is found to be in league with devils he is in a serious situation for he can be held responsible for whatever results follow his treatment. In olden days doctors were sometimes tortured to purge out their evil enchantments.

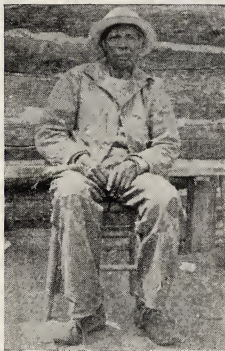
Sometimes the spirits gave a man an evil power which he could operate secretly upon his enemy by merely willing to do so. He could wish affliction upon another and that person would surely sicken and die. Cases of lingering illness were generally attributed to these causes, and the punishment for such witchery, when discovered, was death. Many years ago a doctor on the Shivwits Reservation was suspected of carrying death. He could wish it upon others and all his patients died. A considerable number of Indians had gone to their long rest before the doctor's duplicity was

suspected, but as the black distrust gathered, a scheme was hatched to prove his guilt by calling him to see a sick woman. The doctor suspected treachery, but was persuaded to accompany Indians he thought to be his friends. The room was full of men. They watched intently the old man working his magic and singing his mystic chant. One of the watchers decided that the doctor was, as suspected, making "bad medicine" instead of good, and at a prearranged signal, an Indian in the rear crushed the old man's skull with an ax. Even then the doctor's medicine was potent for the woman died also.

The medicine man gets the inspiration for making his concoctions also from the spirits. He dreams that this thing or that, or a combination of the two, will break the hold of evil spirits upon a fellow man. Often his medicine consists of ingredients loathsome even to himself but straightway he compounds it and uses it unvaryingly on every form of illness from stubbed toe to measles. This particular "medicine" is his, and having received it from the spirits, he should employ no other. His theory is that sickness is caused by bad spirits, and the treatment seems often to consist of medicine so utterly repulsive that no self-respecting devil will remain in its presence. Such reasoning at least has the support of logic.

An extreme case once came under my observation. A woman was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism and *mo-go-ab ruan*, the evil spirits within her, were taxing to the limit the wits of both doctor and medicine man. One day the pain would be in one part of her body and the next day somewhere else. Doctor and medicine man exhausted all their arts but the trouble only shifted from shoulder to wrists, hips, or ankles. They knew they could dislodge the demons, but for some unaccountable reason they could never quite eject them. For many torturous weeks the men of skill chased the evil ones around through the woman's anatomy, but the devils only played hide and seek. The pain finally localized in one badly swollen foot.

Parashont, the medicine man, said the spirits had decided to leave the woman and were trying to find a way out. To facilitate the exit he took his dull and dirty knife and jabbed it a dozen or more times deep into the swollen foot. A severe infection developed. I got the woman



JAKE WIGGIT, A PIUTE INDIAN DOCTOR

away to a hospital where heroic treatment saved the member. I tried to enlighten the medicine man by explaining that his knife blade was covered with germs which he planted deep in the woman's flesh. By way of elucidation I told him germs were little bugs. Parashont then mused half to himself, "Old Indian use flint rock—flint rock all right—white man knife no good—got bugs—next time flint rock." His treatment was right but he had the wrong tools.

In justice I should say that Indians know the true medicinal qualities of many plants and herbs and use them intelligently. They have a good knowledge of physics and emetics, of counter-irritants and of the use of hot and cold packs. It is generally the severe cases of sickness which they cannot understand, or which do not yield to their simple remedies, that call forth the mystifying incantations or the devil-repulsing concoctions of doctor and medicine man. The Piutes have outgrown many of these foolish ideas and are turning more and more to the white man's doctors for treatment.

### III. LEGENDS, TABOOS, AND ANIMISTIC BELIEFS

PIUTE religious philosophy takes cognizance of gods supreme in power, of spirits good and evil, of witches and ghosts, and of a devil with hordes of imps to do his bidding. The Indian's ecclesiastical pasture is as well-stocked as that of his pale-faced brother. *Oo-nu-pit*, the devil, is the source of all evil. Conversely he may inspire much that is good, but his good is not unmixed with evil. He is a personage in human form but may appear in many shapes and proportions. He may assume the appearance of an animal or even a tree or a stone. He has many times been seen in his true form but always at night. *Oo-nu-pit* works through many agencies. Indeed he may use any agency that will lend itself to him. Certain birds, moths, animals, and even men, as already cited, may be his emissaries and they do not always know whom they serve. They carry disease, suspicion, lies, accidents, trouble, and they make "bad medicine."

The Piute is an animist. He believes that all things possess inherent life, and having life, they have also intelligence and power. They may react to curse or to bless the red man during his sojourn upon the earth. The clouds spread themselves like

hazy, harmless mists over the sky, yet, when offended, they may shoot forth tongues of fire that can smite man with instant death. The wind may fan the earth with welcome breezes, or, when angered, can uproot and destroy everything in its path. Running water and rolling sands have each their capabilities for good and for evil according to their own pleasure.

Certain animals and trees are believed to have been endowed by the gods with special spiritual powers. The coyote, the bear and the eagle are notable examples. The coyote, however, became a traitor and fell from grace. He is now the most despised of animals. The badger was once a great personage but in a jealous fury he set the world on fire. For his folly he was stripped of his god-like vestments and reduced to his present humble estate.

Believing in the mystic powers and spiritual endowments possessed by these favored beings, the child-like Indian turned naturally to them to seek their spiritual patronage. Thus he called upon the four winds, the waves, the clouds, the storms. In the effort to draw upon themselves the desired commitments the Piutes concocted "medicines," made sacrifices, inflicted torture and suffering upon themselves, and devised enchantments that might attract favorable compassion from the great ones.

Here and there a lucky man was rewarded for his reaching out into utter darkness by receiving a magic

diligently sought in the olden days and many are said to have received them.

When a corpse lies in camp the custom is to sing all night and make noises to drive the evil spirits away. A tiny chip of pitch pine wood in the hair over the temple is worn as an added security. We who not so long ago hung little bags of asafetida about our necks to ward off disease need not laugh.

A certain rock that stands alone on the Escalante Desert in Southern Utah is believed to be possessed of healing powers. This was revealed to some Indian seer in a dream centuries ago. A sick man picks a pebble from the bed of his home stream and carries it to the mystic stone. If reaching there entails suffering, it is all the better. He lays his stone on top of *Po-ar-imp timp*, the doctor rock, and with the approved "rigamarole" says "Doctor rock, my head, my legs or my lungs (as the case may be) are sick. Make me better and this rock is your pay." In this manner pebbles have piled deep around the doctor rock. They have been carried there from all the streams in a hundred mile radius and deposited as pay by the innumerable sick Indians who had faith in the mystic powers of the medicine stone.

Examples like these cited, revealing Piute superstitions, can be multiplied indefinitely. There is an abundance of this sort of story on the surface of Indian religious conversation and the superficial, or beginning student, hearing them is apt to assume that he has sounded the depths of Indian faith and theology. Such assumption is comparable with judging the religion of Christian America by its superstitions and fairy tales. Men do not as a rule discuss on first acquaintance their inmost religious convictions. With most of us these are sacred questions. The Indian has been laughed at so much that he is even more reticent about exposing to the white man's ridicule his religious concepts. In all my contacts with the Piutes I have never laughed at their stories however foolish they might appear, yet it was years before I could get them to discuss their sacred legends freely with me. Some of the stories told me I am pledged never to tell to a white man. They were given to me only after my adoption into the tribe and I shall not violate the confidence.



INDIAN JOHNNIE LYING ON THE DOCTOR ROCK AS THE SICK INDIANS USED TO DO. NOTE THE PILE OF PEBBLES AROUND THE ROCK.

key that would prove to be the "open sesame" to some occult treasure house. The songs sung in the ceremonial dances are said to have been received originally by Indian musicians in dreams. Charms and enchantments against disease and all forms of Indian enemies were

## IV. THE DEEPER BELIEFS AND CONVICTIONS

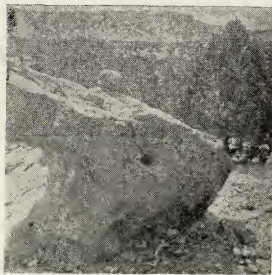
THE GREAT questions that have challenged the white race have also pressed themselves upon the red man: birth, life, and its purposes, death and what lies beyond, Omnipotence and man's relation to it, hunger, hatred, love, the passions that rule him, storm and sunshine and the changing of the seasons. The Indian has been in stubborn contact with the elemental forces of nature and his mind, like the white man's, has "been groping blindly in the darkness" for an explanation of it all. He may be simple and childish in his cosmic conceptions, but as touching the great questions of life it is surprising to discover how often the philosophies of red man and white touch common ground.

Piute theology teaches that man is a dual being composed of *nu-oo-an*, the body, and *mo-go-ab*, the spirit. The spirit lives on independent of the body. It is indestructible. When great men die, their spirits go to the happy hunting ground. If you ask where that is you may be told "no sabe me, mo-go-ab make no tracks." Spirits of the great may linger around, or they may return at will to the tribal country where they often exercise benign influence over their earthly loved ones.

The Piute holds clear cut ideas about the hereafter and his place in it. His terrestrial world is filled with spirits of the good and the bad, and with incorporeal forces that pull him sometimes this way and sometimes that, but he has implicit faith that when his link of life is broken, his spirit, fully conscious of its identity and its surroundings, goes on to another cycle of existence. He believes also that the nature of that second estate will depend much upon how he lives in this one. He assumes that the life to come, in some sort of way, is a projection into eternity of this life. His temperament and tastes carry over, and the occupations that afford him greatest pleasure here will be his unrestricted pastimes in the spirit land if he has lived according to the Indian standards of good. The season that gives him greatest discomfort, winter with its cold and hunger, is banished from the happy hunting ground. The Indian heaven is a land of eternal sunshine, flowers, and fat game.

When a widow dies she goes at once to her husband. She is his

property. In the olden days before the white man's laws interfered, her departure was often expedited with a blow on the head or a well-directed arrow. The warrior's horse was tied near his grave and killed. In-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DOCTOR ROCK

animate things like his gun or bow and arrows, his saddle, his bedding and cooking utensils also had souls, and since he might need them in his travels, they were buried with him. To insure their exodus to the spirit land these were sometimes killed (broken) when laid away with the body.

When a chief's child died the tribe sometimes slew another child, perhaps a loved companion, so that the little spirit might have company on its travels to the unknown land.

Spirits of bad Indians have to remain on earth. They hover around the old camp grounds and inspire much of the evil and trouble that happens, but the living have certain enchantments and taboos to protect themselves against such mischievous influences. The spirit of a suicide wanders through eternity alone. All the time he wants company and longs for his wife and family, but no spirit may ever associate with him. This is the terrible punishment for self-destruction. Suicide was exceedingly rare among the Piutes until the white man broke down much of the ancient faith.

Bravery and courage are the virtues most approved of the gods. Such questions as honesty and chastity are taught as necessary tribal regulations rather than as spiritual graces. These principles seem to be of little concern to the gods. Murder within the tribe is a serious violation of sacred law, but outside the tribe, unless committed in a cowardly manner, may be an approved demonstration of stamina.

These Indians have a flood tradition very similar to the Bible story except that it is confused with the six days of creation and the seventh day of rest. The earth in the beginning was laid down in hills and valleys. It rained hard for six days and filled all the hollows with water. On the seventh day a terrific wind blew and spread the water out over the hill tops.

They tell of a man made of earth and molded in the image of God. Some of them say that the god *Shin-ob* lay down upon the ground while *Tobats*, the greater god, packed mud around him. Into the mold thus constructed the gods poured ooze from the edge of a bog, then skimming vapor that rose from a hot spring they poured it upon the man-form until life quickened within it.

The Piutes tell of a confusion of tongues. Once all things lived together in friendship and peace. They all spoke the same language, sang the same songs, and met together daily as friends in the great council of all living things. One day the coyote, who was a great personage among them, turned traitor and began to prey upon the smaller animals. He remained out in the brush and when he met the smaller animals he would shake hands and say the good morning, then he would hold them fast and eat them up. The word went round among the little folks and in fear they hid themselves and came no more to the council meeting.

When the truth became known, there was sorrow among the big animals for they loved the little ones. In council the big ones came to look with suspicion upon all present. In their hearts they said "Who next will turn bad?" Soon fear and distrust spread among all the animals, and in sheer self-protection, the common language which the gods had given them ceased to be spoken and every species of animal made *um-pug-i* its own speech, so the others would not know what they said. Now the god-given tongue is forgotten and there is no way by which *So-pa-ro-ie-van*, the council of all living things can ever again be held. Enmity must remain forever. It is only a simple Indian legend, but nothing ever written more clearly portrays the baneful and never-ending consequences of a traitorous act.

(Continued on page 575)



RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR, "SAILING SHELTERED SEAS" ABOARD THE S. S. ALEUTIAN.

# "SAILING SHELTERED SEAS"

By RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR

NORTH TO ALASKA, AMERICA'S LAST FRONTIER, WITH PRESIDENT GRANT AND SEVEN OF HIS DAUGHTERS, AND A PARTY OF MORE THAN A HUNDRED CONGENIAL TRAVELING COMPANIONS, IS A STORY THAT LACKS NO ELEMENT OF INTEREST, AS THE FRIENDLY ARCTIC BECKONS THE TRAVELER TO PARTAKE OF ITS PRODIGAL SUMMER.

THE TELEPHONE rang on an early July day, and when I answered I heard father's voice saying: "Good morning, my dear daughter, would you like to go to Alaska with us?"

In response to my ready acceptance came the information:

"We're sailing from Seattle on the 17th."

Just as simple as that! Father is always taking one or two of his girls with him on his frequent journeys. But this time it was different: not one but all nine of his daughters were included in the invitation. Mary and Grace felt that they couldn't go, but seven of us began to pack our bags.

Another telephone call, and a friendly voice said: "This is Richard Evans. I hear you are going to Alaska with your father, and I have a favor to ask. Will you write an account of your voyage for the *Era*?"

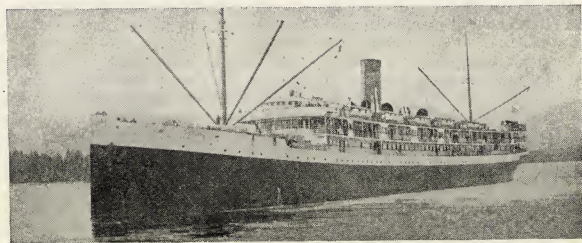
"Say, this is a pleasure trip, and you would turn it into work," I answered.

"When the President travels with his wife and seven daughters it is an event. I want just a few personal impressions and some pictures!"

I said: "I'll try."

Father, Aunt Augusta and I left Salt Lake City by train with about thirty of the one hundred and seven people who comprised the group making the trip. The others came by auto, or by train from other points of origination, and we met them at the dock in Seattle.

It is generally supposed that the



S. S. ALEUTIAN

only time one feels gratitude for a life insurance company is upon receipt of an annuity check or when an insured risk dies. But I was grateful to the Beneficial Life Insurance Company for giving to its most successful agents this trip to Alaska. Seventy-four of the one hundred seven passengers making up our party were connected with the Beneficial Life Insurance Company, and the rest of us had the advantage of traveling with this group.

Our ship, the S. S. Aleutian, largest of the Alaska Steamship Company's fleet—scrubbed and polished, with white-coated stewards lining the gangplank—waited to receive us. We hurried on board, glanced at our compact, comfortable cabins, and rushed to the upper deck. All passengers were supplied liberally with serpentine, and as the boat moved from the pier we wove the slowly widening space with rainbow colored threads.

When a train leaves a city, the conductor calls "All aboard," and

THE AUTHOR, Rachel Grant Taylor, one of the seven daughters of President Grant who made the trip described in this article, is a woman of many gifts. She needs no introduction to readers of "The Improvement Era" nor to the Church membership as a whole. Her many years of service as a member of the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association are a matter of record, as are also her distinct contributions to the missionary cause of the Church during her active association with her husband, John H. Taylor, during his presidency over the Northern States Mission and over the L. D. S. Missionary Home in Salt Lake City. One of Mrs. Taylor's most recent accomplishments is the painting of landscapes in water colors. Two of her original Alaskan sketches, originally painted in color, are reproduced in black and white with this article, which tells of America's last frontier—a land of more than half a million square miles, purchased from Russia in 1867 for slightly more than seven million dollars—a land which is home only to sixty-two thousand people, but dear to many for its beauty and tradition.



PRESIDENT AND MRS. GRANT SNAPPED AS THEY WERE STROLLING THE DECK.

with a few revolutions of the wheels, friends and city disappear. With a boat the leave taking is more leisurely. We looked and looked, and even when faces could not be distinguished we still heard farewell voices and saw waving hands. We watched beautiful Seattle with its towering home-topped hills gradually fade away. As an escort out to sea, hundreds of white-winged gulls followed in the wake of our boat and made a picture of animated beauty against the blue sky and bluer sea.

If anyone on the boat had troubles, he must have checked them at the wharf, for a happier, more relaxed, more congenial group could not be found. We were all free to suit our fancy—to stroll around the deck, to read, to play

games inside, or indulge in shuffle board, ring tennis, quoits or golf putting on the upper deck; to sing, to dance or to eat! Besides three regular meals a day, there was hot bouillon at eleven a. m. and an evening snack at ten or eleven p. m., and fruit brought on request to our staterooms.

But best of all was the opportunity to rest in a sheltered spot and let the beauty of mountain, sea, and sky gently touch the strings of the heart and play a never-to-be-forgotten symphony. There was a constant fascination in watching the changing panorama—narrow winding straits "between mountain walls that rise sheer from the water's edge to heights of one thousand to three thousand feet", then sailing into the more open spaces where the sea

stretched out like a great lake lined with densely wooded shores silhouetted against snow-capped mountain ranges. There were uncounted islands, green gems set in a crystal sea, displaying their vari-colored rock mountings at low tide.

"Sailing the sheltered seas" we seemed so far from the busy haunts of men. And yet in the evening as we gathered in the forward lounge, over the radio came the voice of our friend Earl Glade announcing a KSL program in honor of our party. The beautiful music of Virginia Freeze Barker, Annette Dinwoodey, and Becky Almond, colorful and clear, was a delightful goodnight to our first day on the *Aleutian*.

DURING our cruise we made stops at Metlakatla, Ketchikan,



"LEAVING SKAGWAY" BY RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR, SKETCHED IN WATER COLORS FROM THE STERN OF THE S. S. ALEUTIAN, JULY, 1936.



"FISHING BOATS AT KETCHIKAN" BY RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR, SKETCHED IN WATER COLORS FROM THE FISHING HARBOR, JULY, 1936.

Wrangell, Taku Glacier, Juneau, Skagway, Fort Haines, and Sitka.

Metlakatla was different from any town or village I have ever seen—no roads or autos—just wide plank sidewalks built high above the ground level, with dense vegetation creeping up to and climbing over their edges. Here as in many other places in Alaska the buildings were on piles, as high as telephone poles, to protect them from the tide which rises twenty-seven feet.

The town is administered entirely by native Alaskan Indians. William Duncan, whose home and grave we visited, dedicated his life to the welfare of this people. There is a fine church built by the natives. All their earnings go into a community



PART OF THE BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY PARTY WHO MADE THE ALASKAN TRIP. GEORGE J. CANNON, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY, IS SEEN KNEELING AT THE EXTREME LEFT ON THE FRONT ROW.

budget. Fishing and the canneries are their means of livelihood. Fishermen are paid from four cents to seven cents a pound for fish. Gasoline launches go from port to port collecting fish just as our dairies collect milk. The fish have to be canned within twenty-four hours. The thoroughness of cleaning and the sanitary process of canning made us feel that Alaskan salmon is of highest grade.

As I walked along the streets of Metlakatla and met so many Indian girls, most of them dressed in shirts and overalls, I saw that they were appreciative of the latest feminine necessity in hairdressing: almost every girl had a permanent wave.

It seemed strange at Ketchikan to have our boat dock right in the business district. This is possible because of so many buildings having been built out over the water. Here was our first experience with souvenir shops. Tempting the traveler to part with his money seems to be the most thriving business of Alaska.

The harbor of the fishing boats with its forest of masts made me wish for my paint brush, and the skill to transfer the scene to paper. On the return trip my sister Florence and I did sketch one or two of the hundreds of fishing boats.

Walking out through the city we came to Ketchikan Creek, with its cascade of falls. This creek is one leading to the salmon spawning grounds. Along its edge the town has built a wooden salmon ladder to make it easier for the fish to go up stream. At Totem Pole Park we saw the first of these towering, grotesquely carved poles—characteristic relics of the peoples who lived in Alaska many years ago.

The stopping of a boat at these small Alaskan cities seems to be an event for the citizens, and usually there is a crowd at the dock. As we approached Wrangell I noticed a man and girl scanning the passengers

who lined the boat rail. They seemed to be looking for a familiar face. The girl's arms were filled with the most beautiful flowers. Soon the man saw father and called out, "President Grant! President Grant!" and we decided that the flowers were for him. What was my surprise when I walked down the gang-plank to have Evelyn Winn, who had been one of my students at the L. D. S. University when I was teaching there, bring the flowers to me, and then present a most beautiful corsage to Aunt Augusta. The flowers brightened our stateroom during all the rest of the journey and on the last night at dinner I wore a spray of foxglove as a farewell to the flowers of Alaska.

Evelyn introduced me to her husband, Charles W. DeRemer. He had first met father in Kansas when laboring there as a missionary. The DeRemers took us into one of the fish storage plants where the thermometer was forty degrees below zero. They said our entering had raised the temperature eleven degrees and that it would take fourteen hours to restore it to forty. Rooms filled with fish of all sizes, sorted and piled ceiling high, were on every side.

We visited Chief Shake's Community House. This was our first experience at low tide, and the plank walk we took to the Chief's house

was resting on the ground. It zig-zaged in different directions, and was held together with chains, so we could easily imagine what it would be like with high tide, when it becomes a floating bridge.

The relics at Chief Shake's were among the finest we saw. There were the most beautifully woven Indian baskets, some valued at a thousand dollars. For the first time we saw Indian blankets trimmed with tiny pearl buttons. There was one especially fine ceremonial rug. In making such rugs a man draws the colored pattern; then the woman who is to weave the rug goes through a state of purification through fasting and prayer. If the woman follows the pattern exactly, all is well; but if she cannot do so, it proves, according to native belief, that she did not have the right spirit.

ONE OF our most interesting stops was at Tahu Glacier. Before reaching the glacier we passed through the ice fields, within view of many icebergs. They appeared very small, but we were told that only one-eighth of their bulk is seen above water.

"Tahu Glacier presents an awe-inspiring palisade of blue ice nearly a mile wide and rises two hundred feet from the water's edge." Our ship stopped close to Tahu, and for an hour that passed too quickly we

#### MT. MCKINLEY

After hundreds of attempts to pierce the sky with her mountain peaks, the North American continent finally rises to its lofty height in the 20,300 foot peak of majestic Mt. McKinley, or "Denali" (The Home of the Sun) which is the more colorful native name. McKinley rises 18,000 feet from the tundra that supports its base, and in this respect is the most stupendous mass on the surface of the earth.

In the foreground of the drawing is a typical food cache, characteristic of Alaska's interior country. Mounted on high stilts, the food is stored here to be safe from wild animals.

Woodblock by Glenn Steckels. Reproduced by Courtesy Alaska Steamship Company.





Woodblock by Glenn Sheckels, Reproduced by  
Courtesy Alaska Steamship Company.  
**THE MONARCH OF ALASKA'S WILDS**

Alaska is without a rival in respect to the number and variety of bear. No fewer than thirteen varieties are recognized by scientists, belonging to four distinct types; the brown, the grizzlies, the black and polar bears. The Kodiak, or Alaska brown bear, shown in the drawing, is the largest of the carnivorous animals of the earth, oftentimes weighing over two thousand pounds. These bears are widely known because of their size, strength, and ferocity. Sportsmen consider it a true mark of their ability as huntsmen to bag an Alaska brown bear.

watched this colorful mass of frozen beauty. Blasts from the ship's whistle failed to dislodge any ice, but brought back double echoes which seemed minutes apart.

To think of Alaska is to think of gold. As we approached the capital city, Juneau, high on the mountain side was the mill of the Alaskan Juneau mine, probably the largest quartz mill in the world. It is equipped to handle twelve thousand tons of ore every twenty-four hours. The mill is fed through one of the world's most famous tunnels reaching back a distance of more than six miles to the mine in Silver Bow Basin.

The Nugget Shop in Juneau was outstanding for its fine display of carved ivory, Indian handicraft, and interesting souvenirs. There a room is devoted to the paintings of Sidney Lawrence, one of the world's greatest outdoor painters. He portrays in many canvasses the spirit of a vanishing race, and has captured in their truly marvelous colors the beauty of Alaska's sea, sky, and towering mountains.

We drove out to see the Mendenhall Glacier. Mendenhall was more accommodating than Taku, and had prepared for our reception the day before when huge pieces of ice had

broken away, leaving a marvelous rugged ice cavern of the deepest blue imaginable. In contrast to this beauty was the dull silt-laden river flowing from the glacier's bed.

Every morning at breakfast there was a letter from the ship's officers telling us of the prospects for the day. Regarding Skagway it said:

"End of the Trail." Good morning folks: Well, here we are in the Mystic City of the Golden North, which has been transcribed in song and story for so many years. Skagway was the end of the trail for many of the gang of '98-'99, those restless men who sought the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. This was the mecca for those thousands who left their homes in the states for the gold-fevered north. Many of them perished on dreaded White and Chilkoot Passes which also claimed hundreds of pack horses and many hundreds of tons of life sustaining freight.

On the rock cliff, across the wharf, you will see the emblems of the many ships who have called here. Some of these ships and some of the men who painted these signs have passed on and into the history of Alaska, America's last frontier. Their names and works still stand as one of the emblems of the Northland.

Skagway is a town of four hundred ninety people. Once its population was fifteen hundred. This place was the starting point for the gold seekers headed for the Klondike. A broken down, abandoned pier and dilapidated, deserted buildings tell a tale of busier days. The ghosts of the gold-crazed crowd and sharpshooting gamblers must smile a twisted smile, for a cultured, low-voiced lady with the loveliest garden in Alaska has come to supplant them. Blanchard's Gardens occupy but a few rods, but for size of blossoms and masses of color I have never seen their equal. The delphiniums stood a foot above father's head and the hanging baskets of begonias showed such a profusion of blossoms that the leaves were buried in their depths. The long hours' summer light of the Arctic bring flowers to their supreme beauty.

WHEN WE arrived at Chilkoot Barracks, Uncle Sam's most northerly army post, it was evening. The soldiers were at the dock to meet our boat, and applauded our singing of old refrains as the gangplank was being put in place. Our soldiers looked like mere boys, and rather homesick boys at that. There was a dance in the barracks in our honor.

About midnight we returned to the boat. The still sea was a shining pastel-colored lake, mirroring in

wavering lines the surrounding beauty. Towering sharp-bladed mountains, bathed in lavender, cut the distant sky, and on every side from the water's edge rose thickly wooded slopes. It was one of those marvelous northern nights when twilight lingers to meet the dawn.

Sitka, our last Alaskan port of call, is "The Pearl of the Pacific." Even the misty rain which was falling when we arrived failed to obscure the beauty of that pearl. Beautiful islands, their bases at low tide encircled with gold-colored wreaths of sea flowers, dot the bay. Lover's Lane, through a veritable forest primeval, was an outstanding beauty spot, and the Greek Catholic Museum of Alaskan relics with its pictures, robes, common cups and crosses was most interesting.

THE SOCIAL activities on the boat were varied. The deck steward devoted his entire time to seeing that we enjoyed ourselves. There was an orchestra of three charming and talented girls who played for lunch and dinner and for the dances in the evenings. The last night was a masquerade and everyone had a good time, if only marveling at the ingenuity of the designs of the costumes created with such limited facilities and materials.



Woodblock by Glenn Sheckels, Reproduced by  
Courtesy Alaska Steamship Company.  
**FISHING**

One of the most colorful industries of Alaska is that followed by her fishermen—casting an air of Old Norway about some of her small villages. The value of Alaska's yearly salmon pack, alone, exceeds by many times that of her annual gold production, for there are more fish taken from Alaskan waters than from all the fisheries of the Atlantic Coast. Fishing boats are to be seen in almost every Alaskan harbor—for these waters are rich with the "silver of the sea."



PRESIDENT AND MRS. GRANT (SEATED) AND THE SEVEN DAUGHTERS WHO ACCOMPANIED THEM AS THEY SAILED THE SHELTERED SEAS. STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: MRS. GEORGE J. CANNON, MRS. J. GEORGE MIDGLEY, MRS. ASHBY D. BOYLE, MRS. WALLACE F. BENNETT, MRS. WILLARD R. SMITH, MRS. JOHN H. TAYLOR, MRS. CLIFFORD E. YOUNG

On Sunday afternoon we gathered in the lounge for Church services, during which several talented members of our party sang sacred songs, with an address by father and congregational singing completing the services.

To be invited into the pilot house on the bridge was a privilege. Captain O. C. Andersen was a fine officer and a gracious host. He and father enjoyed exchanging experiences. The Captain went to sea on his father's ship when he was two years old, and was sent back to Norway when his mother died. When he was fourteen his father told him to pack his sailor's chest—which in those days included everything a sailor used, even to his plate and knife and fork. Captain Andersen said a sailor's life in those days was nothing like today: cruises of ninety days in sailing vessels, food so poor and unvaried that often half the crew were disabled, water so precious that it was measured out for each man's individual bag, and each sailor kept his bag locked.

Captain Andersen liked a joke, and as we were waiting for the tide that would make the narrows ahead navigable, one of the men of our party, confused in his directions, said: "Captain, this boat is going in the wrong direction!" "All right," the Captain answered, "We'll go the other way," and the boat slowly turned around. The man's wife spoke up and said: "Don't pay any attention to him. The direction was right before," and the Captain said, "We'll change back," and we did.

Our pilot, J. C. Nord, was an old Norwegian sea captain who, with the exception of eight months, had been sailing the Alaskan seas since 1892. We were surprised to find

that he had been an officer on the *Willapa* when Presidents Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, and their party went to Alaska in the 90's. Captain Nord showed us many charts giving the sailing routes and recorded depths of the Alaskan sea. "All these charts of narrows with green have been wire-dragged and we know the depth at all places," he explained, "but the others are just marked in the spots that depth has been measured. We used to go through these channels when there were no lights, or buoys, or anything. The *Willapa* was a small ship, carrying sixty first class and thirty second class passengers. We all were acquainted—just like a big family. I wasn't captain then, just plain Gus—second

MANY of us don't know our state flag but the Alaskans have no trouble remembering theirs. It is mirrored every night in the sky—the Golden Dipper on a field of blue:

Eight stars of gold on a field of blue—

Alaska's flag. May it mean to you  
The blue of the sea, the evening sky,  
The mountain lakes, and the flowers  
nearby;

The gold of the early sordough's  
dreams.

The precious gold of the hills and  
streams;

The brilliant stars in the northern  
sky.

The "Bear"—the "Dipper"—and  
shining high

The great North Star with its steady  
light.

Over land and sea a beacon bright.

Alaska's flag—to Alaskans dear.

The simple flag of a last frontier.

—Marie Drake.

mate. When we went up to see the Muir Glacier there was no dock. I had on my rubber boots and I used to carry the ladies ashore on my shoulders, and, like your party, they didn't smoke cigarettes either."

There had been a thick fog settle down the night before as we were about to go through Plymouth Channel, and the fog horn sounded at regular intervals. In the morning I asked Captain Nord if there had been much danger of meeting other ships. To my surprise he said: "We steer through Plymouth Channel by echo all the time. If the echoes come back at the same time, then we know that we are right in the middle; but if an echo comes more quickly from one side than the other, we know we are closer to that side."

Ordinarily the Aleutian sails in-

to the open sea for about six hours before it reaches White Stone Narrows. We were told that the Captain had received a radio advising that the sea was rough and had decided to go through the Narrows. Captain Nord told me: "This is the first time this boat has been through these Narrows. Of course, I've been through thousands of times, but not on such a large boat. There isn't much room. There are only four fathoms of water. I have to make a sharper turn with a twin screw boat. But you can always twist them around. All you have to do is to back one engine and go ahead with the other like a rowboat—with one oar you pull ahead, and with the other you pull the other way."

PIONEER DAY is dear to the hearts of Utahns, and arrangements had been made to celebrate the twenty-fourth of July on board ship. At dinner by each plate was a program, an invitation to a pageant "Building an Empire in the West" the script for which had been revised and adapted from a continuity that had shortly before been presented on the nationwide Columbia network during the "American School of the Air" period.

When we entered the lounge it was crowded to capacity. A stage had been set up with excellent light-  
(Concluded on page 575)

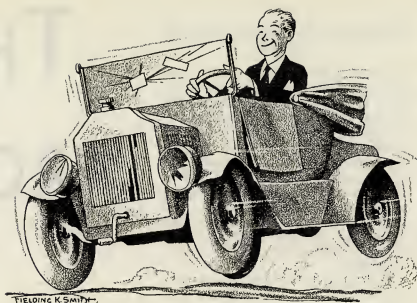
#### THE LOVERS' LANE OF THE SEVEN SEAS

The inside passage, extending some thousand miles from Seattle to Skagway, is the longest and most scenic sheltered ocean-highway in the world. So widely heralded for its vast, limitless, and ever-unfolding beauty, this enchanting cathedral-aisled ocean lane has won for itself the fitting name of the "Lover's Lane of the Seven Seas."

Woodblock by Glenn Sheckels. Reproduced by Courtesy Alaska Steamship Company.



# CUTHBERT STEPS OUT



THIS IS THE SECOND CUTHBERT STORY BY THE AUTHOR, IN WHICH THE SOCIAL WOES OF BUDDING YOUTH MAKE MIRTH FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

BY  
ESTELLE  
WEBB  
THOMAS

CUTHBERT had been exposed to girls all his life, but it was not until his fifteenth year that they began to affect him seriously. To be sure, he had always sent his best valentine, next to Teacher's, to Helen Ward, and had, at various times, worn a large and unsymmetrical H W tattooed, or what he fondly hoped was tattooed, upon his arms; but when it came to girls in general, Cuthbert could take them or leave them alone, and it was usually the latter. Not that he had anything in particular against the species, but there seemed to be no place in a life already full to overflowing for the gentle art of chivalry. It was Tubby Bradley who finally disturbed his sweet dream of peace and wrecked the blissful hours of vacation with his endless talk of girls.

"Listen, Copy"—Cuthbert had become "Copy" when by that strange trick that Nature sometimes plays on little boys, his feet had become large adult appendages attached to his boyish person. Policemen were traditionally a large-footed race, hence the nick-name. "Listen, Copy, you never even took a girl out once, last winter, did you? Not even to Commencement dance?"

"Course not!" Cuthbert crawled from under the ancient vehicle he lovingly called his "car" and absently wiping another smudge across his already blackly streaked forehead, said proudly, "There! I'll bet she'll run as pretty as you please, now!"

"Well, you got to think of those things," continued Tubby. "That is, if you want to be somebody in the community, you have. That is, in a social way."

"What things?"

"Now, see here, Copy, you act like a little kid! Leave that old bus alone and listen here. You've gotta remember you're a Freshie, now, and have a little responsibility."

This conversation, difficult as it was for conscientious Tubby, and even more so for Cuthbert, who had to drag his none to facile mind from the absorbing interest of his life and try to concentrate on a subject which heretofore he had given no thought at all, resulted finally, in the fact that one beautiful late summer evening saw him in the throes of preparation for a dance to be given in the ward amusement hall by the Explorer and Junior classes of the M. I. A.

His mother, nervous exhaustion in every line, divided her time between hurried trips to the kitchen where she was in the process of preparing dinner, and her bedroom, whence she had moved the protesting Cuthbert some half hour earlier.

"I simply cannot run up those stairs again tonight, Cuthbert," she had said, firmly, "You'll have to finish your dressing down here."

Now, he was surveying the back of his head disgustedly in her dresser glass, by the aid of a hand-mirror, into which he scowlingly peered. His mother came wearily at his call to corroborate his opinion of the barber.

"That barber sure fixed me up, didn't he?" he demanded, belligerently. "Wonder if he thought he was tanning a hide? Cut it so close

it shows both my scars, the one where I had that boil and the one where Tubby hit me with a tomato can!"

"Well," his mother answered mildly, "the boil scar always shows when your hair is freshly cut; it is quite low on your neck. Now, are you ready for dinner, Cuthbert? Daddy is getting impatient!"

"I don't want anything to eat," said Cuthbert, gloomily, "I don't feel like eating. Besides, there isn't room for me and supper both in them white pants."

"Those," corrected his mother, mechanically. "Why, you aren't going without any dinner, are you? We have fried chicken!"

CUTHBERT surveyed himself morosely in the mirror. He wished his mother had not mentioned fried chicken. It made him feel romantic to refrain from anything so mundane as food, and she knew he could never resist fried chicken.

He muttered in what he hoped was an off-hand manner, "Well, lead me to it. I might gnaw a leg. I can't sit down though, account of the creases in the back."

"Now, Cuthbert, you're not going to bring a piece of fried chicken and put down here on my dressing table like you—"

"Aw, Mother, for Pete's sake! I'll go and stand by the table! But you'll have to tie my tie before I eat—no, I'll get grease on it—Good Friday, let it go! I can starve!"

Nevertheless, he appeared in the dining room almost as soon as his parents sat down to the table and, standing by his place, consumed large slices of bread and butter and chicken, a napkin draped around his neck, and his body describing an obtuse angle in his efforts to protect the immaculate trousers. The remark

(Continued on page 576)

# EMIGRATION FROM EUROPE IN 1856

IN THE Thirteenth General Epistle of the First Presidency dated Salt Lake City, October 29, 1855, the following instructions were given:

"Let all the Saints who can, gather up for Zion, and come while the way is open before them; let the poor also come, whether they receive aid or not from the (Perpetual Emigration) Fund; let them come on foot, with hand-carts, or wheel-barrows; let them gird up their loins and walk through, and nothing shall hinder or stay them.

"In regard to the foreign emigration another year, let them pursue the northern route from Boston, New York or Philadelphia, and land at Iowa City or the then terminus of the railroad; there let them be provided with hand-carts on which to draw their provisions and clothing; then walk and draw them, thereby saving the immense expense every year for teams and outfits for crossing the plains.

"We are sanguine that such a train will out-travel any ox-team that can be started. They should have a few good cows to furnish milk, and a few beef cattle to drive and butcher as they may need. In this way the expense, risk, loss and perplexity of teams will be obviated and the Saints will more effectually escape the scenes of distress, anguish and death which have often laid so many of our brethren and sisters in the dust.

"We purpose sending men of faith and experience with some suitable instructions to some proper outfitting point, to carry into effect the above suggestions; let the Saints, therefore, who intend to emigrate the ensuing year, understand that they are expected to walk and draw their luggage across the plains, and that they will be assisted by the Fund in no other way." ("Millennial Star," Vol. XVIII, p. 54.)

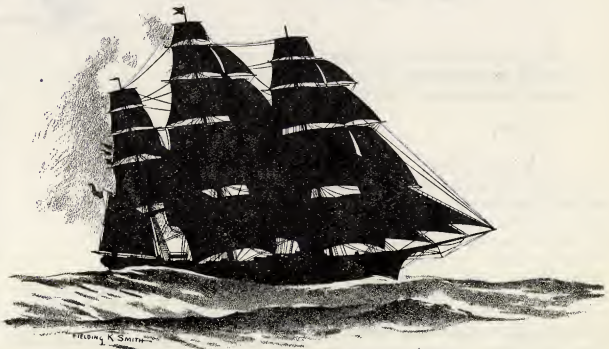
In the "Millennial Star" of February 23, 1856, was published a lengthy circular about the emigration of 1856. "The P. E. Fund emigrants," said the circular, "will use hand-carts in crossing the plains in hand-carts will convey their provisions, tent, and necessary luggage. . . . There will of course be means provided for the conveyance of the aged, infirm and those unable from any cause to walk. . . . The Saints may all rest satisfied that their interest and comfort will be consulted in the best possible manner by those men who will be charged with instructions directly from our beloved Prophet, Brother Brigham. . . .

"The first two hundred miles of the journey from Iowa City will be through a settled, grain-growing country, where it is expected that supplies of provisions can be obtained without the labor of hauling them any considerable distance. By traveling this distance with the carts lightly loaded, the Saints will have an excellent opportunity of becoming accustomed to camp life, and walking, and thereby be better prepared for starting out on the plains."

("Millennial Star," Vol. XVIII, p. 122.)

# THE JOURNAL OF ARCHER WALTERS

## PART II



WE CONTINUE herewith the self-told story of a man, who, with his devoted wife and five children, left home and country and comfort to cast his lot with those who were conquering the Great American Desert for the privilege of worshipping in the Lord's appointed way.

The August installment of the Journal of Archer Walters, hitherto unpublished, followed this forty-seven year-old English craftsman and his family from their comfortable living in Sheffield, to Liverpool and onto the uncertain high seas, on the sailing vessel *Enoch Train*, through hardship and privation, to a point somewhere far from any shore, in mid-Atlantic waters:

APRIL 5TH, 1856

All arose at 6 o'clock. A beautiful morning. Many on deck with cheerful countenances. Henry better. Some potatoes for breakfast and gruel. Double working tomorrow being the 6th of April. Rations served out, both beef and pork. Henry well. Saw two ships sailing slowly. The finest we have had since we left Liverpool. All the sick on deck. Band playing, dancing and singing until a late hour. Cooking until 12 o'clock at night, tomorrow being the anniversary of the 6th of April.

6TH

A beautiful morning. No cooking, only tea kettles boiled. Most all up 7 o'clock washing and preparing for a good time today. All my family are well and I thank my Heavenly Father for it; I do not

know how to feel thankful enough. If I was a Methodist as I was once professed to be, I should shout glory and Hallelujah. Two porpoises were seen but they were thought to be whales. Soon a whale made its appearance and threw the water into the air at a great height, all eyes looking at it and my children all astonished and asking a thousand and one questions which I could not answer. The sea is very calm and the ship almost standing still and the sun shines with a beautiful clear sky. Water served out to the different wards. Two more fine whales seen rolling about on the top of the water. Meeting called to order by Pres. Ferguson and he said we might as well hold it as a conference as it is the 6th of April, as it is held this day in Zion. The authorities were then presented and carried by their uplifted hands

and we all said "aye" at the same time. Bro. McAllison opened by prayer. Band played "God Save The King" then Bro. McArthur spoke on the Kingdom of God and of being one law in all ages and His people one in all things and a song by the congregation then Bro. Ellsworth spoke upon cleanliness. Song. Prayer. The children blessed that had been born on board. The first named David; The second named Enoch Train; The other a girl Rebecca Enoch. Conference adjourned until the 6th of ..... next in Utah. A beautiful day. All retired to rest cheerful and happy. Trumpet sounded for prayers.

## 7TH

Wind blowing contrary. Rather cold and windy. Saw no ships. Quite dull and wet at times. Much grumbling about cooking. One man said if he had his money and could get to Liverpool, he would go to Hell if he would not, but it takes very little to prove some; the spirits soon show what they are. Went on watch from 8 o'clock to 11.

## 8TH

Rather wet morning, wind ahead and has been for a week past. Still some grumbling about cooking. 10 gallons of water for every 100 persons but none did we get. My family dissatisfied about the victuals; expect they will get better as they get used to it. Some could eat one thing and some another; could not please all. But a biscuit and water with health is a blessing for which I feel thankful. Dancing at night on deck.

## 9TH

Wet morning; not gaining much; wind ahead all day.

## 10TH

Windy, and wind more favorable. Grumblers about cooking. Lost my Tomilmer hat. Henry very poorly and he says that he will never come on the sea again. Feel not very well myself but am thankful. All things will work right and will be for our good. The wind still in the west. Ship rolling and the sea rough; a deal of tacking about which makes plenty of work for the sailors.

## 11TH

Windy cold morning. Wind still in the west. Felt better this morning, thank God. Henry very sick all night; my head ached after breakfast; went to bed until 4; still no better; was a deal better after prayers and the Presidents addressed on cleanliness, cooking, etc. Went on watch 11 until 2. Ship rocked until morning. Henry better; all better this 12th day of April.

## 12TH

Provisions served out today, the change of diet is worse for all of us than the sickness of the sea. Henry almost sick if you mention rice. Little Lydia the best amongst us all. A calm day up to 3 o'clock. The children glad to have some sugar. No sooner than we get our pork than Harriet wanted the frying pan. Busy on deck making and sewing tents; dancing commenced at 6 o'clock, prayers at 8 o'clock and then it being a moonlight night another half was given on deck; drop handkerchief; songs; and went to bed. Ship sailed fast all night.

## 13TH

Wet windy. Ship going ahead. Wet all day. All well and in first rate spirits. A ship in sight some hours going the same way and all looking at it and all has something to say or ask. A very great many porpoises. The water seems all alive with them. I saw many round with small heads, round bodies. A little instructions from Bro. Hunt, McAll., Ferguson, etc. Trumpet sounded for prayers. Sleep well. Henry seems a deal better of his sickness.

## 14TH

Ship ran well all night and is going well this morning. Rather a dull day. We hope to be in Boston next Monday if all's well. The Bros. want me to shave. I do not know what to do my top lip is so tender and I have not shaved myself for this 16 years passed and I have determined in my own mind long since as soon as I got aboard a ship I never would shave again until I reached the Valley, and not then until I was told. Band played; trumpet for prayers. The moon shined and the lads and lasses were playing on deck until nearly 11 o'clock.

## 15TH

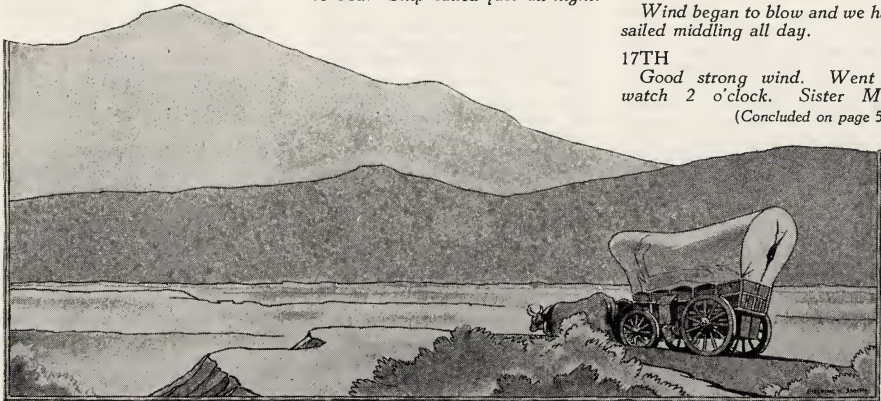
Ship rocked all night. Quite a calm. Some grumbling by a brother. Many spirits. The body of a man seen floating past the ship. A many very poorly, principally old folks. Some council and instruction given about tobacco smoking, obedience, etc.

## 16TH

Wind began to blow and we have sailed middling all day.

## 17TH

Good strong wind. Went on watch 2 o'clock. Sister Mary  
(Concluded on page 574)



# • LANDMARKS in the NETHERLANDS MISSION



THE THREE FRIESIAN FARMERS WHO STILL REMEMBER THE FIRST MORMON CONVERTS IN THE NETHERLANDS MISSION, STANDING BY THE CANAL IN WHICH THE FIRST BAPTISMS WERE PERFORMED. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: JAN DE JONG, JAN PRUIK, HAAN J. ROS.

By T. EDGAR LYON

*President of the Netherlands Mission*

1861-1936

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS HAVE SEEN THE RESTORED GOSPEL GROW AND FLOURISH IN EUROPE'S INDUSTRIOUS LOWLAND COUNTRY. SOME HIGHLIGHTS AND LANDMARKS OF THE BEGINNING OF THIS THREE-QUARTER-CENTURY STORY HAVE BEEN RECORDED BY THE AUTHOR AND ARE HERE PRESERVED IN PRINT.

WITH THE approach of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the coming of the Restored Gospel to the shores of the Netherlands (August 5, 1936) interest turned back the pages of history to learn something of the first converts, and also to locate the place where the first baptisms in the Netherlands were performed. Other than the names of the first three candidates who had been baptized, and their place of residence, little was known. To learn more of these events and people was the motive that took me one morning last May into Friesland, one of the most typically rural sections of the Netherlands.

During the memorable year in which America's Civil War commenced, two ordained Elders from Utah landed at Rotterdam: Anne W. van der Woude, a Frisian, originally from Franeker, Netherlands, and Paul A. Schettler, a German. Fired with the desire to acquaint his relatives with the divine truths restored by the Latter-day Prophet, Elder van der Woude went into various towns and villages of Friesland, where the seeds of the Gospel light fell upon fruitful ground. October 1, 1861—less than two months after his arrival—we find him baptizing his brother and sister-in-law and another convert.

The earliest Church membership records of this mission indicate that these first converts lived at Broek by Akkerwoude, a village under the rural municipality of Dantumadeel. After searching through the birth,

marriage, and death registers in the town hall of Dantumadeel, a record was found of the death of the first two converts—Gerrit Wiegers van der Woude, and his wife, Boudina Potgieter van der Woude. The record indicated that they had resided from 1852 until the death of Brother van der Woude in 1886, in a house bearing the number BK 317a. Further investigation revealed that this meant a house lying along a country lane named Broek, which means "marsh" or "morass."

In the years that have elapsed since that time, this old lane has become the main street of a village; many houses have been built; and the numbers of the houses have been changed, so that identification of the house by this number was impossible. Nothing could be learned of the residence of the third party mentioned in the record of the first baptismal service.

Armed with this scant information, I commenced to walk along the highway toward the village of Akkerwoude, where I saw the quaint old Dutch Reformed Church in which these good souls had worshipped before the message of the Restoration reached them. Passing through Akkerwoude, I pressed on in a southwesterly direction, walking along a narrow brick road built atop a dyke, toward Broek about two miles distance. A kindly dairyman, driving his cows from the immacu-



THE SMALL RED-BRICK HOUSE IN WHICH GERRIT VAN DER WOUDE AND HIS WIFE—THE FIRST TWO PEOPLE TO BE BAPTIZED INTO THE CHURCH IN HOLLAND—LIVED ON OCTOBER 1, 1861. (BROEK, BY AKKERWOUDE, PROVINCE OF FRIESLAND, NETHERLANDS.)

lately kept barn to the green meadows nearby, directed me toward Broek, indicating the direction by pointing his cane toward a clump of trees in the southwest.

Suddenly the road swerved to the left, and a short distance farther the road on which I was walking joined another road at right angles. Reaching the junction I turned to the right, as the man had indicated, but after taking a few steps, a feeling came over me that I should turn back. Standing perplexed, I remembered that at the last farmhouse a short distance back I had seen some farmers sitting near the cistern, engaged in conversation. I decided to return and make further inquiry.



VIEW OF THE CANAL IN WHICH THE FIRST CONVERTS TO THE CHURCH IN THE NETHERLANDS WERE BAPTIZED—THE PLACE AT WHICH THE BAPTISMS WERE PERFORMED—IN THE SO-CALLED "SOEKERIE WASCH"—IS LOCATED IN THE BODY OF WATER TO THE RIGHT NOT FAR PAST THE POINT OF LAND. (NEAR BROEK, FRIESLAND, NETHERLANDS.)

AT THE farmyard there were three old men, bowed with years of toil in the fields. They were now too old for vigorous farm work and had gathered for a peaceful conversation. Clad in the proverbial be-patched Dutch trousers and jackets, and wearing wooden shoes, they formed a picture of repose and peacefulness. After exchanging greetings, I asked the direction toward Broek and was informed that the left-hand road should have been taken. Thanking them for their assistance, I was about to return to the road, when I felt prompted to ask another question.

I asked if they had resided long in that locality. An affirmative reply from each of the three—Jan Pruik, Jan de Jong, and Haan J. Ros—called for another question: "Do any of you remember a Mr. van der Woude who formerly lived in Broek, some fifty years ago?"

This set these grey-haired men to recalling earlier days. By this time the wife of farmer Ros had joined the group—strangers are a curiosity in these rural districts and curiosity had triumphed over reserve—and she, along with the men, commenced to think and repeat, "van der Woude, van der Woude." Then suddenly one of them said, "Do you mean Gerrit van der Woude?" Then followed a barrage of statements that convinced me that I had been led to the proper place.

Here were three old men and one woman, residing in different parts of the region, who had, on this particular day, come together to chat and discuss things old and new. All of them had known both Gerrit van der Woude and his wife. They remembered well the house in which he had lived, and remembered his funeral. Mr. de Jong said that he could show me where the house had

stood, but he feared that nothing was left of it, as he had but recently seen workmen tearing down a wall of the house.

The next item of interest had to do with the possible place of baptism. I knew that there was a small canal passing through Broek, navigable for milk and vegetable barges. It was quite near the van der Woude home. Before we had progressed this far in the conversation, my newly made friends had guessed that I was a "Mormon," and hence the subject of baptism was an easy one to introduce. I suggested that the van der Woude had probably been baptized in the canal near their home, but this met with a negative response.

Mr. de Jong remembered that as a boy he had worked with his father washing Friesian mud from sugar beets before sending them in barges to the sugar factory. At other seasons of the year the same pond of water had been used for soaking flax, in preparation for its manufacture into linen. For this purpose a "soekerie wasch" had been constructed in a small canal, and walls had been constructed of brick along the banks to facilitate the handling of the beets and flax.

He stated that as he had worked there, year in and year out with his father, he had often heard it told that Gerrit van der Woude and his wife had been baptized in this deepened pond, at the close of a day's work, by a "Mormon" missionary from America. The other three—although inclined to argue with each other concerning every statement that one of them made, remembered this very well. The wife of farmer Ros, whose mind was keener than the others, was able to tell in greater detail certain things concerning these early events, which gave evidence that she was well acquainted with the family and the events for which I was seeking.

HAVING been directed toward the spot indicated—it was but a short distance from the road I had formerly traveled—I found the place as they had described. A hospitable caretaker of a windmill allowed me to enter his field and search for this open-air baptismal font. After hunting about for remains of the brick walls or masonry, I satisfied myself that the place had been discovered, and took a number of photos of the site.

As I commenced to retrace steps toward the Ros farm, I saw the three

venerable farmers walking toward me as rapidly as their bowed and rheumatic legs would permit.

As they came near me, they inquired if I had been able to locate the place. Receiving an affirmative reply, Jan Pruik, with a trace of a twinkle in his set eyes, said, "I know something else about this event that I'll wager you don't know." With urging he stated that after I had left their circle at the farm house, he had been thinking the matter over, and from somewhere in the dim past came a recollection of that first baptismal meeting. He did not know whether he had seen it himself as a lad of four and a half years, or whether he had heard the story told by his parents who had been present at the service. There was one thing, however, of which he was certain, and that was that a third person—a lady—had been baptized on the same evening as Brother and Sister van der Woude. "You didn't know that, did you?" he asked.

I had not mentioned this fact to them before, although I knew it. To me it was evidence that I was dealing with people who were actually remembering the events, and not merely manufacturing them for the entertainment of a stranger from America. "Her name was Elizabeth Wolters," I stated. "Right you are," he replied, as a light appeared to glow within him. "I remember it now, Elizabeth Wolters; she later moved to Groningen."

Jan de Jong lives in Broek, and as it was already lunch time, he said he would walk with me to the village, and point out the former residence of the van der Woude family. While walking along the roadway he hailed a boy who was riding by on a bicycle, and called to him to stop. Introducing him, he said: "Here is a great-grandson of Gerrit van der Woude." The lad was a descendant of our first convert in the Netherlands, but his grandparents

(Concluded on page 573)

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CANAL IN WHICH THE FIRST BAPTISMS IN THIS DISPENSATION IN HOLLAND WERE PERFORMED.



# SHE WAS DIFFERENT

By MELBA ALLEN

A SHORT SHORT  
STORY, COMPLETE  
ON THIS PAGE

ELLEN was different—she knew it deep down inside; even if she hadn't felt it, she could not have long remained in ignorance. Society and her friends would not let her. "Ellen's different, you know." She was sick of hearing it, and almost tired of life.

Why couldn't they give her a little peace, or change the wording a little?—that might break the monotony. Viciously she kicked Tabby lying near her feet, and rose from the hammock on the Laird's back-porch.

"You boob!" she ejaculated, "You should be down on the beach, you should learn to be a jazz-baby, you —!"

"Cheerio," a voice sounded above her. "Are all those epithets for me?"

Her startled gaze fell upon the slender figure of Bob Crandall, Dick Rogers' house guest, stretched full length on the top of the high stone wall.

"I—Oh,—of course not," confessedly.

"I'll admit I'm a boob, but the rest I simply will not accept," said he laughingly as he jumped down beside her. "I didn't think young ladies like you kicked poor pussy cats."

"They don't."

"Then why did you?"

He might as well know it at first as last. "Because I'm different."

"Oh, and in what way may I ask? You look normal—wavy hair, beautiful eyes—rosy lips—." He scrutinized her closely, "and everything."

"Everything," she laughed, "now I know you've strayed."

"Correct, strayed right into Cinderella's garden. How long since your fairy godmother was here?"

"And where is my pumpkin coach?" she finished.

"Right this way." He led her through the thicket-gate into the neighboring yard. "Climb in, I'll try to be a nice mousy coachman." He opened the door of the gray roadster and Ellen—went riding.

That was Wednesday. Saturday night Bob, yes, she called him Bob now, took her to the Country Club dance. In the dressing-room she heard this snatch of back-biting:



"Did you see? Bob Crandall brought Ellen tonight!"

"Not Ellen!"

"Yes, can you believe it! and all the girls planting bait for him."

"Well, it won't last,—Ellen's different." This was followed by two giggles. Yes, thought Ellen angrily, those last words would make anyone laugh.

Tuesday they drove to Hamilton to the races and back. For once, Ellen was beginning to enjoy life—Bob hadn't mentioned the hated word once.

Then Friday, Ellen, coming from the locker-room with her golf-bag, heard two masculine voices.

"Ellen's a peach," it was Bob's voice.

"Think so. None of the fellows 'round here care about taking her—she doesn't fit in anywhere—sort of round peg, square hole situation," Dick Rogers' voice said. "You know, she's different."

Bob's closing words were all that saved the day. "She suits me, and that's what matters," she heard him say.

She played golf because Bob

wanted to, because she mustn't be different. She danced till she felt like drowning the orchestra; she went bathing; she helped devour clams at a bake on the beach, and numberless other things she abhorred because Bob liked her—she liked him, and he must not see she was different.

Then Bob went away for a week. Ellen heaved a sigh of relief, but felt as if her sun had suddenly gone down.

SATURDAY afternoon, Ellen was in the kitchen. This was the end of her week of living as she wanted to. Tomorrow Bob would be back and she must take up her cloak again,—the one she had put on the day he had found her. She felt it had hidden the facts that she was different, that she was fond of classical music, that she loved Dickens and Thackeray, that she reveled in an orgy of cooking, that she hated jazz, midnight parties, and golf like poison. And so she was celebrating her last day. Her eyes sparkled above her blue gingham dress as she pulled her last pie from the oven. She was busily filling cream-puffs when Bob appeared in the doorway.

"Ellen, what are you doing?"

She flushed guiltily, but stood her ground. "When did you get back?"

"Now. When did you start cooking lessons?"

"Years ago."

Without a word he picked up a puff, "Looks mighty sweet. Tastes it, too," he exclaimed as his teeth sank into its flaky side.

"Why haven't you made puffs for me before?" he demanded.

"Because modern girls aren't supposed to know how to cook."

"I see, thank heaven, you're not modern, Ellen, or I don't know what I'd do. My dear, I can't stand modern girls, I simply detest golf and jazz and clam-bakes and—."

"How did you know that I hated them, too?" she asked.

"Your cream-puff told me, and your little blue dress, and sparkling eyes. Why,—I've loved you, darling, since that first day," and then falling sweetly on Ellen's ears for the first time came the words, "because even then I knew you were different."



"DRY, GRAY BRUSH AND ROCKS AND SAND—"

# BLOOM OF THE DESERT

By VESTA P. CRAWFORD

PATIENTLY THE DESERT WAITS FOR A BRIEF BLOSSOMING TIME AND THEN ITS GLORY IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE—BLOOM AGAINST RIDGES OF GREASEWOOD—BLOOM AGAINST VIVID CLAY AND MINERALS—BLOOM AGAINST SHALE CLIFFS AND MOUNTAIN PEAKS CAPPED WITH WHITE CORONETS OF QUARTZ.

I saw Sheepherder Bill, who pastured his lean flock in the sagebrush hills beyond Nevada's border in the Castle Peak country, for only half an hour, but the things he said stuck.

"Sorry you came in the fall," he said, "when the desert 'aint in bloom."

Bloom." Not a petal, not a green leaf in sight. Only dry gray sagebrush and rocks and sand, baked and burned and scorched. Only splintered peaks and chopped and torn arroyos. Funeral Mountain, Tombstone Peak, Vulture Range, Furnace Creek, the very names were significant of loneliness and desolation.

But the old sheepherder said,

with a gesture that swept the horizon: "Yes, in May and June the desert blossoms. Not them fingers of golden poppies from California's hills; not them yellow sunflowers scattered out from Utah's farms. Them's only fringe. The desert has its own flowers, waxy plumes on the yucca needle; strange perfume from the century blossom; the cereus with petals lighted at night. The sahuaro wears posies on its twisted arms, and the ocotillo flames with fire in the spring."

To me the desert was, except for prickly pears, an unblossoming place where the arms of the Joshua tree reached out to grab people in the dark. Desert panoramas, too, I had seen from mountain peaks, and

the only blossoming spots were irrigated valleys, pin points in a welter of fluted ranges. The desert seemed just so much unconquered space—each green cultivated valley nothing more than the merest thread in a great dull carpet. That the desert has life and beauty and blossoms of its own is an idea that I began to appreciate when, at Sheepherder Bill's suggestion, I went back to the desert in springtime.

Do not think, however, that the desert flowers hang out their color signals against a world entirely dull. There is a tinted background—ridges of greasewood, green-blue like the crests of sea waves in storm; hills, pink, violet, orange-colored, all the strange shades that may be stirred up and mixed from clay and minerals; shale cliffs stained blue and green with copper; mountain peaks capped with coronets of gleaming white quartz; and on the rim of the desert highlands edged with evergreens, navy-blue in the distance.

This color with the plainer tones of long gray ranges and old brown cinder cones is the background for desert plants. In exterior form these queer denizens of the arid spaces are grotesque, forbidding, evil-looking; yet they have very positive personalities, dispositions in which there is no wavering, no changing purpose. Patient beyond human patience, they wait for sparse drops of rain, spreading their roots out along the rocks, to soak up moisture and providently storing up nourishment for weeks and months and years that they may for a single day or a single night offer up to the desert waste a halo of glorious col-

or. Vicious-looking, repellent—yet when their days are fulfilled they appear in floral raiment gorgeous beyond description.

ABOUT two hundred and fifty kinds of cacti are native to the United States, and of these one hundred grow in Arizona. Texas sometimes quarrels with Arizona about the number of species, but they both have plenty, and the desert hills of Colorado, California, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah display cacti that rival the rose in regal splendor.

In these states cactus blossoms have marked the way of history. They have been banners on the trail of empire, and flags waved in the path of conquest. Native Americans, long before white men ever came to the New World, made cactus honey and cactus butter and dried cactus paste. In the hogans of the Southwest flower buds and flower stems were cooked up and served as vegetables, and many an Indian, wandering in the dry arroyos, slaked his thirst with the precious store of liquid in the cactus stems.

Westward, among the Spanish haciendas, is the *Cereus (greggi)*, a cactus of slender growth which clings to the lower mesas among the mesquite and creosote bushes. "Queen of the Night" the flower has been called, for its petals begin to unfold at sunset and open wider when the blue night haze hangs over the desert. In two or three hours it is fully open, revealing the splendor of an outer ring of deli-



Photograph by Walter P. Cottam  
THE EXQUISITE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS  
"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT"

cate pale lavender petals and an inner circle of pure gleaming white. An ethereal luminosity glows like a halo around the blossom and it emits a perfume fragrant and rich as jasmine or magnolia.

There is an old tradition which gives the date of the blooming of the *Cereus* as June 24th, the supposed birthday of John the Baptist, and this very special occasion was celebrated in the missions and haciendas of the Southwest with festivities under the desert moon where hedges of fragrant white blossoms illumined the darkness.

THE EARLY Christian fathers bartered their homes and churches with a tall spiny cactus (*Opuntia ficus-indica*) which they imported from Mexico and planted in thick

PERIOCACTUS SIMPSONII, THE CACTUS OF THE PLAINS.

hedges. These same spiked plants played a part in winning California for the United States. At the battle of San Pasqual the Gringos, under General Kearney, ambushed themselves in cactus thickets and the spirited horses of the attacking Spaniards refused to charge through a wall of thorns. When the Mormon Battalion, in 1846, marched across the desert of the Southwest they encountered cacti as small as buttons and tree-like growths that formed forests on the route. W. H. Emory, who commanded the troops, called the cacti *yerba de la vivera*.

"Plant of life," indeed, and flower of adventure in the Southwest. In 1869, when Major Powell, a one-armed veteran of the Civil War, navigated for the first time the treacherous canyons of the mysterious Colorado, he saw cactus flowers flaming in the somber gorges and massed in gorgeous color above the dark waters. Red and yellow and pink, the cactus blossoms had decorated for ages the intricate network of cliffs and canyons that coalesce into the tremendous gorges of the "World's Worst River."

And, speaking of color, cactus blossoms are unrivalled in richness of tint and variety of shades. Among southwestern cacti the most common color is yellow and the next is a purplish rose shade, sometimes called "cactus color." Pink and red blossoms are also common, but the white and greenish flowers are more rare. Only two cacti of the Southwest bear orange-colored blossoms. These are a variety of the

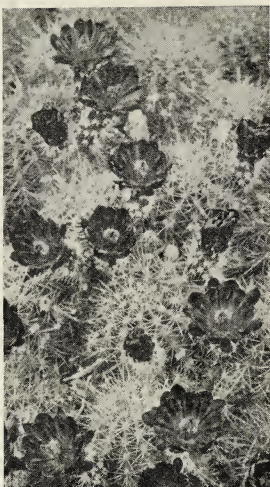


exotic *Ferrocactus* and one type of *Echinocereus*. The hot dry plains of Mexico produce the rarest of all cacti blossoms, violet-colored flowers of exquisite delicacy and shining texture.

But these cacti are not prickly pears. The entire cactus tribe is classified into three divisions: *Periskieae*, *Cereaceae* and *Opuntieae*. Prickly pears belong to the *Opuntieae* division and are scientifically designated as *Platyopuntia*. They are easily recognized, whether large or small, by their flattened joints upon the edge of which the fluted blossoms sit in a halo of color.

**PRICKLY PEARS** are the most widely distributed and the most characteristic cactus growth in the United States. Of some twenty-one kinds of cacti identified in Utah, four are true prickly pears. If you think prickly pear is not a beautiful name for such gorgeous blossoms, then try calling the plants by their scientific cognomens: *Platyopuntia basilaris*, a cactus with flowers of bright magenta pink, very delicate and translucent, as many as half a dozen blossoms fringing one flat lobe; *P. erinacea* has cup-shaped flowers of rose pink or clear-toned yellow and there is only one flower on the very top of each joint; *P. polyacantha* is very hardy and has yellow blossoms; and *P. rhodantha* has a pink blossom. Some scientists maintain that among the prickly pears of Utah there are no truly red blossoms, but three Utah *Echinocerei* and one *Ferrocactus* bear handsome red flowers.

*Cereus giganteus*, the *sahuaro* of Arizona, cousin to the prickly pear, has strange ways. In the arid spaces of our great Southwest it grows in the more mountainous parts of the hot desert. It is the largest tree growing on the American desert and one of the world's most unusual growths. This great columnar cactus grows slowly, almost invisibly. At ten years of age he is only a baby four inches tall; when three feet in height he is more than thirty years of age. At a hundred years or more he approaches splendid maturity, forty or fifty feet tall and weighs five or six tons. The grotesquely curved arms bear blossoms of purest white which open at night and have a halo of light around them. The flower is not divided into petals but is merely fluted into some fourteen divisions, ornate and formal as if it had been carved out with a cookie cutter.



ECHINOCEERUS VIRIDIFLORUS (NOTE THE LONG SPINES.)

Though not a cactus, the Joshua tree (*Clistoyucca arborescens*), is in some ways like the *sahuaro*, for it is tall and grotesque enough, but it has some personal characteristics. Twenty to forty feet tall, a foot and a half to three feet through, bluish green leaf six to ten inches long, the Joshua tree rules the desert land-

YUCCA BLOSSOMS  
Photograph by Walter P. Cottam.



scape with ominous mien. An early explorer into the Mojave Desert remarked that the Joshua tree was more in harmony with the "Archaic" scenery than any other plant. "The blossom of this monstrous growth is a revelation, so unexpected it is. A group as large as one's head, pure white, on the extremity of a dagger covered bough, it is like an angel amidst bayonets."

The poet Harry Noyes Pratt may not have seen the Joshua tree at its blooming time, for he speaks only in deepest sympathy for the hard lot of a plant that struggles for life in the arid lands:

"And for a mockery of the desert land  
They set a tree upon it,  
Grotesque and tortured.  
They set a tree upon it  
Whose branches writhe in agony and pain,  
Uplifted in pleading that the rain  
Succor it.  
There is no rain.  
Only the hot tears of the molten sun  
Dropping upon the malformed branches  
Of the tree which pleads  
With uplifted hands  
With the pitiless gods of the desert lands  
For rain."

When Harriet Monroe saw the Joshua trees, she wrote:

To go out on the desert . . . and meet these cacti is like whispering into the ear of the Sphinx, and listening to her locked lips, . . . and to go out . . . and see them suddenly abloom is as though the lips of the Sphinx should part and utter solemn words. A bunch of white flowers at the tip of the obelisk, flowers springing white and wonderful out of this dead, gaunt, prickly thing—is not that nature's consummate miracle, a symbol of resurrection more profound than the lily of the fields?"

Another revelation of the unrivalled beauty of desert blossoms is the glorious flower called "Our Lord's Candle." It is a variety of the yucca (Adam's Needle), and the large exquisite blossoms, borne on long stems, are a mass of drooping wax-like loveliness. Some yucca blossoms are a fragile creamy white, piped with green; others are faintly tinted like old ivory; but *Yucca whipplei* has petals of such a rich and shining golden hue that it has been named "Our Lord's Candle." The favorite place for yucca growth is in southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico. In the ghostly Superstition Mountains, yuccas spread out their creamy mantle on the stark old wrinkled bahadas, the arid mountain slopes. They are a flame of brilliant color against the sombre desert background.

Patiently the desert waits its brief blossoming time, and then its glory is almost unbelievable—loveliness almost too evanescent to be real.

# Editorial

## Seek Learning

LEARNING is sought by Latter-day Saints as a religious duty. Our history is an unbroken record of educational endeavor. The Church has founded elementary, secondary and collegiate institutions of learning, and major emphasis, in Priesthood and auxiliary organizations, is laid on educational achievement through study courses and planned recreational activities. Young and old are encouraged to love learning, and to "seek learning, even by study and by faith."

An unusually high educational standing is the result. A survey made in 1922 showed that sixty Latter-day Saints in every thousand attended high school—more than three times the average for the United States, and that about nine in every thousand attended colleges or universities—nearly twice the United States average. Literacy among members of the Church was found to be about 99.7%.

Such high esteem for education follows naturally from our religious philosophy, based upon the possession and proper use of knowledge. "The glory of God is intelligence," and the objective of every Latter-day Saint is to become increasingly like his Father in Heaven. Joseph Smith, the Prophet, was instructed to "Study and learn and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues and people." To the whole Church came the command: "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study and faith." It was made clear in several revelations that no limitation is placed upon the seeker after learning, except that it must be founded upon true knowledge, must be the truth.

Knowledge, which of itself is dry and well-nigh worthless, blossoms into life only when used. Education, derived from sound knowledge, means that a person has so developed his inborn powers that he can and does use his acquired knowledge for human welfare. Man is always of first concern. The application of knowledge to the development and needs of the student should therefore be the objective of all good learning and teaching. The man with little knowledge, used well in the affairs of men, is better educated than his brother of much knowledge, used poorly or not at all. All seekers after learning should carry their knowledge into the province of application.

Worth-while knowledge appears in two forms. First, factual knowledge, gained by the accurate use of the senses. The daily motion of the sun from east to west is such a fact of observation. The other is inferred knowledge, that is the attempted explanations of observed facts. The wave theory of light is such a scientific inference. Factual knowledge is certain, unchanging, within the sense powers of man. Inferred knowledge is of varying degrees of credibility, uncertain, changing with the appearance of new facts. Both kinds of knowledge are useful, but the truly educated man does not confuse facts and inferences. He knows that true

learning rests on facts, not on inferences or theories. Every student should likewise make the same careful distinction as knowledge is presented to him. Every honest teacher, worthy of his noble profession, labels his teaching before his class, as that of facts or inferences. Academic freedom means freedom to teach the truth, not to parade inferences or personal opinions as facts.

Education should develop the several phases of man's nature—physical, mental and spiritual—else it is incomplete. Activity in one of these fields to the neglect of the others is dangerous, even as the study of one subject in any field to the exclusion of the others leads to poor, one-sided development. Public institutions of learning deal with the education of the mind and body, unfortunately say little or nothing about the spiritual life, which determines our conduct. Consequently, since knowledge may be used properly or improperly, many criminals are highly school-trained. A person spiritually undeveloped is poorly educated no matter how great may be his mental training. The wise student who hopes for the best education will devote some time, daily, to the study and practice of things of the spirit—the things not discussed in the class room—to the equal development of body, mind and spirit. Then he may achieve the rounded, full education that ensures happiness in life. If faith weakens in the life of a student it is because he withdraws himself from religious study and Church activities, does not give the same regular attention to the education of the spirit as of the mind.

You who are now entering school and college are doing well. Seek knowledge, learn how to use it for human good, cling to facts, use inferences as helps to thinking; and fail not, as body and mind are trained, to develop the spirit to the same degree.—J. A. W.

## The Right to Labor

When the Lord instructed the father of the race concerning the manner in which he should earn his daily bread, He not only gave to man one of his most blessed rights, but also imposed upon him a bounden duty. The divine injunction to labor is obligatory upon all able men regardless of their need for daily bread. Idle dependency upon the good fortune of inheritance whereby men live upon the efforts of their progenitors is not to be tolerated. Idle dependency upon the rewards accumulated by native ability or chance business success is not to be countenanced. Idle dependency upon the bounties of charity is not to be entertained. Whether a man has been relieved of the immediate necessity of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow through inheritance, through competence, or through the providence of others he has no claim to idleness and no right to become an idler.

Nor in one sense of the term has an able man a right to "retire" no matter what his circumstances. He may retire from one activity to another, from a

strenuous life to a less strenuous one, from a profession to a useful avocation. But in the sense that the word might be construed to mean inactivity—ceasing creative effort, halting constructive thought, withdrawing from service to men, desisting from all productive labor—no man has the right to retire, whether his lands and holdings be described on the balance sheet by a cipher, or by a minus quantity, or in terms of multiple millions.

The Lord will not tolerate waste and the waste of human creative effort is the most dire and insidious kind of waste. An indigent idler is no less guilty than one who lives in affluence, and a wealthy idler is no less condemned than one who dwells with paupers. Whether man works with his brain or with his strong right arm, with human thought or with mountains of material, with persuasive influence or with physical force, matters little, so long as his effort at the close of each able period of his life shall have contributed something for the strengthening of man's body or mind or spirit and for the upbuilding of the world.

Within the Church, the Church-wide Security Program has as its ultimate objective that means and projects may be provided whereby every man may be enabled, in a profitable and constructive way, to exercise his right to labor. Gratifying reports of progress toward the early realization of this aim are coming in from every quarter of the Church.

The Lord has spoken thus:

"Let every man be diligent in all things. And the idler shall not have place in the Church, except he repent and mend his ways." (D. & C. 75:29.)

Since the Lord did not see fit to classify idlers as to rich or poor, as to old or young, as to male or female, it appears that all "should be anxiously engaged in a good cause." "Suspended animation" is the prerogative of no man. The idle poor, as well as the idle rich, stand condemned. The fact that the man of comparative wealth needs no food or comfort or service does not excuse him from producing needful goods or services for those who are in want. The fact that the man of comparative poverty cannot convert his efforts into immediate dollars does not excuse him from improving himself and the things around him. The right to labor is also the obligation to labor and is one of the Lord's choicest and most universal gifts to his children.

—R. L. E.

## A Great School

BRIGHAM YOUNG, upon one occasion, said: "We are in a great school, and we should be diligent to learn, and continue to store up the knowledge of heaven and of earth. . . ."

With the ringing of the school bell that summons the younger generation to learning, we older folk should stop to chalk our own record and plan our own course of study in that great school about which Brigham Young spoke.

In the schoolroom, various rules and regulations are set down. Advancement is predicated upon such things as attendance, punctuality, good be-

havior, and ability to learn the required subjects. Mere advancement, however, is not the ultimate to be received from school activities. The one who succeeds is the one who has a spirit quickened to the great opportunities that lie in his studies and in participation in school life.

In the earth today tremendously important events are shaping the destinies of men and nations. "We should be diligent to learn," seeking to analyze the reasons for the success and the failure of certain movements. We should also eagerly learn of the tremendous strides made by the seven league boots of scientists and inventors.

We as Latter-day Saints know that when this earth becomes celestialized it will be because we have through our own efforts and with the aid of divine guidance pierced the veil of ignorance and entered the clear field of knowledge.

Life is the greatest of schoolmasters because it never deviates from the absolute; never shows favoritism; never fails to reward or punish justly. An unfortunate but unalterable fact of life is that sometimes one person's disobedience, ignorant or wilful, may inflict an unending punishment on someone entirely innocent of wrong-doing. One man, for instance, violates the law of health by drinking of wine, not good for the body. He loses control of his reasoning and his muscles and perhaps wrecks property not his own. More unfortunate still, he may maim or kill some innocent person. His wilful disobedience to laws of health has inflicted punishment on others guiltless of any wrong-doing. Sometimes unknowingly parents do not obey laws of health and their children are the innocent victims. So we must be ever anxious to learn all we can in this great school of life.

Our earth life predicates our future eternal existence. We must, then, as President Young admonished, "continue to store up knowledge of heaven"—as well as of earth. Our life is a school from which we are to gain the experiences which will make our eternity one of profitable advancement. We do not want to take valuable time in the hereafter to unlearn things which we were unwise enough to learn in our earth life. External discipline is an essential feature of school. From the school of life we must learn the value of self-discipline. By the foregoing of a certain temporary pleasure we may be able to secure a lasting happiness. And so our happiness hereafter must be based on our willingness to weigh and consider on earth.

In school work we have those whose aid we may ask when problems confront us; whose faith and courage will sustain us in case of failure.

In the school of life, we have the Master teacher who becomes our solace and our refuge in time of difficulty. His strength encourages us to lean upon Him when troubles threaten to overpower us. He will, if we permit Him, open the gates to new wisdom. Prayer clears the path to Him, the Creator of the universe, the All-Knowing. By consecrating ourselves to His cause, by seeking out His eternal truths, and only in this way, shall we realize to the fullest degree the greatness of the school we are in—and increase our diligence to learn—M. C. J.

# The Church Moves On

## PRESIDENT GRANT ATTENDS INSTITUTE OF HUMAN RELATIONS

THE Institute of Human Relations, sponsored by the National Conference of Jews and Christians, invited President Grant to address them at their convention held in Estes Park, Colorado, from August 7-11. His address dealt with early conditions in the Church and also with the plans of the Latter-day Saints for the future. His speech was well-received by the large audience.



HENRY D. MOYLE

## NEW MEMBER CHOSEN FOR THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH-WIDE SECURITY PROGRAM

ON JULY 20TH, the First Presidency announced the appointment of Henry D. Moyle, president of Cottonwood Stake, to the general committee for the Church-wide Security program. This increases the number of this committee to six, the other five members being, Elders Melvin J. Ballard, Mark Austin, Harold B. Lee, Stringham A. Stevens, and Campbell M. Brown.

## TWO NEW TEMPLES TO BE ERRECTED

THE OFFICE of the First Presidency has announced that in the near future two new temples will be erected. One of these will be built in Idaho and another in California. This will increase the number of existing temples to nine.

The work will go forward under the plan to help the Latter-day Saint people become self-supporting by offering opportunity for those who are capable and otherwise unemployed to do the actual work in building and furnishing these temples.

## OGDEN NINETEENTH WARD— WEBER STAKE

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT dedicated the new Ward Chapel on Sunday, July 5th, 1936.

## OLD TWELFTH WARD CHAPEL RAZED

THE OLD Twelfth Ward Chapel located on First South between Fourth and Fifth East, is being torn down to give place for an administration building for the Salt Lake City Board of Education.

## NORWEGIAN MISSION

A. RICHARD PETERSON and wife left on Monday, July 9th, for Norway where Elder Peterson will preside over the Norwegian Mission.

## RULON S. WELLS CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

ON TUESDAY, July 7, 1936, Elder Rulon S. Wells of the First Council of Seventies, reached the age of 82 years.

## KANAB WARD—KANAB STAKE

THIS WARD was divided on Sunday, July 12th, into the Kanab North Ward with Daniel S. Frost as Bishop and the Kanab South Ward with Joseph F. Johnson as Bishop.

## GOOD RECORD MADE

FROM Whitney, Idaho, news has been sent to *The Improvement Era* that a ward of two hundred eighty-three, consisting of fifty-six families, has averaged nearly three missionaries to each hundred of people for a considerable period of time.

## LAYTON WARD—NORTH DAVIS STAKE

THE WARD chapel was destroyed by fire on July 25, 1936.

## SWEDISH MISSION

GUSTAVE O. LARSON was appointed president of the Swedish Mission on July 16, 1936. He will succeed Hugo D. E. Peterson.

## NEW ZEALAND MISSION

IN ORDER to arouse more interest in the message of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the people of New Zealand and the Elders of that mission arranged a Book of Mormon exhibit in connection with their conference. By pictures, posters, charts, and maps, the story of the wanderings of the Book of Mormon people from Jerusalem to America and then to the south seas was vividly portrayed. The route of the lost ships of Hagoth was illustrated by maps and charts, showing how the descendants of that people finally reached the south seas and New Zealand.

Only a small tent could be obtained for the exhibit but it was crowded with an enthusiastic group of observers and listeners to the lecture which was given each day. Over four hundred tracts were voluntarily taken during the five days of the exhibit and forty books were sold to both English and Maori investigators.



MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD FROM THE SALT LAKE MISSIONARY HOME  
ARRIVED JUNE 29, 1936—DEPARTED JULY 9, 1936

First row, left to right: Hortense Shepard, Venna Brower, Florence Bucher, Elsie Keller, Maurine Rich, Bertha Bearson, Naomi Park, Ruth Sponberg.

Second row, left to right: Oscar Tenney, Don Carter, Willard Skousen, Carrie Peterson, John H. Taylor (President), Emil Hansen, Newell K. Brown, Nuel H. Black, George D. Bryson.

Third row, left to right: Clark W. Call, Grant Rasmussen, O. Claron Alldridge, George F. Larkin, Albert E. Blaser, Nathan Allen, Roldo V. Dutton, James L. Campbell.

Fourth row, left to right: Nello R. Sudweeks, Dean Taylor, Boley Bigler, Milton M. Browning, Joseph R. Meservy, Sheldon M. Gamble, Earl Dillman.

Fifth row, left to right: Richard Lewis, Orville E. Aylett, Edmund M. Evans, James A. Faucett, Lyman Bodell, Maurice Barnett, Timothy Hoyt Palmer, Fred W. Babel.

Sixth row, left to right: David Tenney Lamoreaux, Shirrel R. Young, Jack D. Morris, Wendell C. Fowler, Arthur F. McOmber, John Jorgensen, Burt Keddington.

Seventh row: Tarry D. Sorenson.

# Poetry

## GATEWAYS

By Grace Jones Brennan

I LOVE a gateway, for it leads  
To unknown paths of green,  
That call me straight to follow on  
To beauties yet unseen.

How can one say that life is stale,  
That romance, too, is gone,  
When all the world is full of paths  
Whose gateways lure us on!

## MID-SUMMER

By Norman C. Schlichter

BEEES go down the scented ways.  
The earth is wondrous bright.  
Everywhere I look the day  
Is starred as is the night.

Galaxies of goldenrod.  
Sunflower—Pleiads seven:  
Calendula has radiant gold.  
Like the gold of heaven.

Each star at night now memory is  
Of some fair star of day.  
With two star worlds to wander in,  
Swift run my days away.

## A PRAYER

By Margaret Hill

HELP ME to hear  
The rhythm in the rain  
And thy voice  
In wind and thunder,  
To learn of wealth  
In poverty,  
And sense the benefit  
Of hunger,  
To find the strength  
Which comes with pain.  
Feel wisdom  
In the wintry breath,  
See opportunity  
In opposition,  
And cherish hope  
In death.

## DESERTED VILLAGE IN THE MOONLIGHT

By Solveig Paulson

SILENCE, pregnant with sound,  
Stretches a hand  
In benediction  
Over the abandoned village.

Drab houses hunch bare shoulders  
Against the moon  
And squat low  
Over ancient dreams.

A black mouse  
Moves on toneless toes  
Across a dusky window ledge  
To leave pox-prints  
In the shadows.

## DAWN

By Thelma Field MacDougall

THE MIND works best when the soul is still,  
That light is clearest which begins the day;  
When the moon long since has gone  
Her silver solitary way  
Beyond the west, and flower-scented night  
Lifts up her veil,  
A pure new light makes across the earth  
An unerring trail.  
In this bright hour vain regret,  
And fear and sham still sleeping nod,  
And in the chambers of the soul is heard,  
The clear, still, ringing voice of God.

## A CAR COMES FOR A FRIEND

By Ethel Romig Fuller

MY FRIEND is gone . . .  
A car, silvery-glistening as a star—  
A seraph at the wheel—  
Came rolling through the thin, blue blur  
Of dawn for her, and she slipped in . . .  
Tremulous-lipped, I could only kneel at  
the sill,

Listening to a breeze-borne call  
Of a celestial horn;  
Then all was still . . .  
Lonely, cold, the old highway she must  
take—

And Heaven a foreign town.  
Oh, may there be a small, brown house  
To make her feel at home;  
A patch of loam for flowers,  
And trees, tall in the sun, like ours—  
She loved these so . . .  
One day, strife over, labor done,  
I shall go that journey too.  
I shall not forget to set my life  
In readiness to leave to pack my grip,  
Remembering how few come back from  
that long trip.  
My friend has gone beyond my touch;  
Is lost—a star, a song—in the frost-blue,  
Around the bend and toward the east.  
Left behind, I do not grieve—  
At least not over-much—  
For God will send His car for me,  
And at the road's end, I shall find my  
friend.

## THE MODERN CROESUS

By Jean McCaleb

DID Croesus have on  
His back fence, a  
Tapestry of jade  
And sapphire, woven  
From morning glory  
Vines, with lambent,  
Fragile trumpets?  
And did this wealthy  
Ruler own a hillside  
Of gold, guarded by  
Stalwart battalions  
Of red coats? Such  
Is my plot of ochre—  
Tinted poppies  
Guarded by glowing  
Rows of cana-red  
Soldiers, whose  
Coats have been  
Dipped in deepest  
Carnelian dyes.

## YOU

By Afton Clegg

SOMETIMES I think  
You're like violets,  
Demure and shy,  
Nestled in tall grasses.  
Then you're a  
Silver-winged sea bird  
Dipping low and skimming  
White waves  
With your breast.  
There was a time  
You reminded me of Egypt—  
Of an Old World beauty—  
With an aura,  
Subtle, vague,  
And mystifying.  
Somehow  
You're always different—  
Like a pale blue butterfly,  
Or a strong white ship  
In the night.  
You enchant me,  
And I never quite  
Understand you—

## INCONSTANCY

By Winnifred J. Mott

SOMETIMES, I feel that it is real—your love  
for me.  
Your gentle hand into my hand fits tenderly.  
Sometimes, I think your love for me is  
mile-high small,  
Sometimes, I fear, does not exist for me at  
all.  
One day, your eyes with love's own flame  
are clearly bright,  
Another day, they only hold a teasing, elfin  
light.

Girl of my heart, as changeable as  
weather—  
Can you not love or hate me altogether?

## A BIRD FLEW

By Ruth Reed

A BIRD flew to my window sill  
And fell against the pane,  
And lay a moment quivering 'til  
He flew away again.

And as the bird flew to the sky  
He chirped a song to me,  
And I went flying too, for I  
Felt glorified and free.

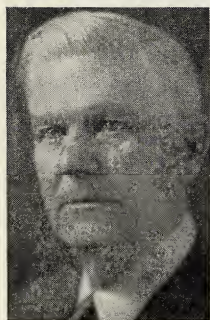
From sense of loss my heart may break  
As my broken body sighs,  
But nothing can ever, ever take  
The part of me that flies.

## BOUNTY

By Helen Maring

WE CANNOT buy the heaven's blue  
With power or money;  
No worldly wealth can give white clouds  
Or days full sunny,  
Or bloom, or tree, or shrub, or green—  
Things beyond our ken—  
The Lord God gave to all the earth  
For all its men.

# THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS



GEORGE D. PYPER

By GEORGE D. PYPER

General Superintendent of the Deseret  
Sunday School Union and First Assistant  
Chairman of the Church Music  
Committee

FOUR SONGS

By CHARLES W. PENROSE

IN CONSIDERING the poems of Charles W. Penrose one is impressed with the varying moods and emotions under which the author penned them. And the question arises, What is their place in hymnody? The earlier technical definitions of a hymn were "praise to God with song," and "a devotional appeal to God in our emotions." Three elements were necessary to admit it into the hymnal family, viz: (1) it must be scriptural both in sentiment and expression; (2) it must be devotional; (3) it must be lyrical\*. Modern definition, however, is given by Edmund D. Lorenz in his book entitled *Practical Church Music*.

"A hymn" he says, "is a sacred poem, expressive of devotion, spiritual experience, or religious truth, fitted to be sung by an assembly of people in a public service."

The songs of Charles W. Penrose, published in this article, may not comply strictly with the narrow rules at first defined but they surely meet the broader definition given by Mr. Lorenz. They are spiritual or emotional poems and are expressive of religious truths and with the possible exception of "Up, Awake, Ye Defenders of Zion," may be classified as hymns. If the world could hear the "Mormons" sing these songs, there would be no doubt as to their fitness to be sung by a public assembly.

- V. "School Thy Feelings, O My Brother"
- VI. "Blow Gently, Ye Wild Winds"
- VII. "Up, Awake, Ye Defenders of Zion"
- VIII. "Beautiful Zion for Me"



## "SCHOOL THY FEELINGS, O MY BROTHER"

By CHARLES W. PENROSE

SCHOOL thy feelings, O my brother,  
Train thy warm, impulsive soul;  
Do not its emotions smother,  
But let wisdom's voice control.

School thy feelings, there is power  
In the cool, collected mind;  
Passion shatters reason's tower,  
Makes the clearest vision blind.

School thy feelings; condemnation  
Never pass on friend or foe,  
Tho' the tide of accusation  
Like a flood of truth may flow.

Hear defense before deciding  
And a ray of light may gleam,  
Showing thee what filth is hiding  
Underneath the shallow stream.

Should affliction's acrid vial  
Burst o'er thy unsheltered head,  
School thy feelings to the trial,  
Half its bitterness hath fled.

Art thou falsely, basely slandered?  
Does the world begin to frown?  
Gauge thy wrath by wisdom's stand-  
ard,  
Keep thy rising anger down.

Rest thyself on this assurance:  
Time's a friend to innocence;  
And the patient, calm endurance  
Wins respect and aids defense.

Noblest minds have finest feelings,  
Quiv'ring strings a breath can move,  
And the Gospel's sweet revealings,  
Tune them with the key of love.

Hearts so sensitively moulded,  
Strongly fortified should be,  
Train'd to firmness and enfolded  
In a calm tranquility.

Wound not willfully another;  
Conquer haste with reason's might;  
School thy feelings, sister, brother,  
Train them in the path of right.

\*History and Use of Hymns and Hymn  
Tunes, Breed.

"SCHOOL THY FEELINGS, O MY BROTHER"

THIS SONG, produced under the trying circumstances related by the author at a social gathering of the Council of the Twelve, held at the home of President Heber J. Grant, on February 29, 1917, marks Charles W. Penrose as one of the most vigorous writers who ever embraced the faith of the Latter-day Saints. The poem was originally in eleven stanzas but one was eliminated by the author. It is not a "song of praise." It is the softened reaction of one at first aroused to a fiery resentment against a foul slander, then subdued by the Christ-like spirit of the Gospel which moved within him. It is a sermon in verse and should be read often by every Latter-day Saint. Here, in the words of the author, is the story of its origin:

"This hymn was not intended for singing; it was written for myself, about 1860, when I was in Birmingham, England, before I emigrated. I had been insidiously accused, not openly, but certain things had been said about me and my presidency of the Birmingham Conference, and particularly in relation to my family affairs and possessions. One thing connected with it might make the matter plain to you. When I went to Birmingham from Cheltenham—having previously been laboring in London—I had taken there a good deal of furniture and stuff belonging to my family that did not belong to the conference. It was intimated by one of the Elders from Zion that I was endeavoring to lay claim to the property that belonged to the Birmingham conference, and it touched me to the quick. I had labored then over ten years in the ministry, most of the time as a traveling elder, literally without purse or scrip. I started that way and had continued, suffering a great many hardships and difficulties and trials that I need not refer to now, and this touched me right to the heart. I did not know how to bear it. Weltering under these feelings I sat down and wrote that little poem, right from my soul, and intended it for myself.

"After I had got it written my folks thought it ought to appear in the *Millennial Star*. So I sent it up to the *Star* and it was published. It was not set to any tune; I did not think about it being sung, in fact I did not intend it for anybody but myself. However, I found it was quite applicable to others who had passed through similar experiences, and I thought it would be comforting to them. I was very pleased to know that it was a great comfort to President Brigham Young when he was under arrest. He later told me that he had it read to him several times when he had a deputy marshal guarding him in his house."

"School Thy Feelings" has been sung to a number of tunes of the 8s and 7s meter\*. "The Vacant Chair"

\*8s and 7s means with eight syllables on one line and seven on the next.



"Blow Gently, Ye Wild Winds"

By CHARLES W. PENROSE

Blow gently, ye wild winds with frost in your breath,  
That smite the glad stream with the chill hand of death,  
When shrieking and fierce o'er the mountains ye come,  
Blow gently, I pray, on my loved ones at home!

Thou ice-crowned King Winter, with storms at thy side,  
Thou white-breasted Snow drift, the storm monarch's bride,  
While binding the sunshine and chilling the air,  
Be gentle in Utah, my loved ones are there!

Fell Demon of Pain, with merciless eye,  
Look not on my dwelling, pass hastily by;

Thou wrinkled-browed Want, keep away from my door,  
That thy shadow may fall on my loved ones no more.

Go, rosy-faced Laughter, on pinions of light,  
Take Health, thy companion, to share in thy flight,  
Diffuse through my rude cot a life-giving bloom.

And dimple the cheeks of my loved ones at home.

Bright angel of gladness, so calm, get so strong,  
Sweet Spirit of Hope, as thou glidest along  
On thy mission of peace to the souls who are tried,  
O, rest for a while where my loved ones reside!

Bid Fear, Doubt and Sadness forever depart,

And dry up the tear-drop that Memory may start.  
Then point to the time when the wanderer shall come,  
And press to his fond heart his loved ones at home!

and "Let the Lower Lights be Burning" were at one time used quite extensively. However, the official setting is by Ebenezer Beesley. (No. 98, *Latter-day Saint Hymns*.)

"BLOW GENTLY, YE WILD WINDS"  
(L. D. S. Hymns, No. 169)

THE STORY of the circumstances which caused the writing of "Blow Gently, Ye Wild Winds" is graphically told by Brother Penrose. The lines indicate another mood of this wonderful man—the strong love of family and home, a characteristic for which he was always noted. The song was originally sung to the tune of "Sweet Afton," but is printed in the *Latter-day Saint Hymns* to an old Scotch air, composer unknown.

Here is Brother Penrose's story:

"In 1861 I was released and came out here (to Utah). We were thirty days on the ocean, seaskick, travel-worn, at the mercy of the winds and waves. The Civil War had broken out and it took us nine days from New York to St. Joseph. Then three days on the Missouri River, followed by eleven weeks on the plains driving two yoke of oxen. I borrowed money and bought a cart and some oxen. After I came here to Zion, I went to live in Farmington, and there I passed through the experience of my life which caused me to write the song called 'Blow Gently, Ye Wild Winds.' That song was written in England. In Farmington I had obtained a small log cabin which faced the east. At that time several severe wind storms had occurred which had blown things to pieces. One afternoon I noticed that the wind was blowing from the East to the West and the clouds had settled low like a pillow on the mountains. The wind was rising and I knew something was going to happen.

"In order to protect my house I fastened the door. It had a little latch on it—no lock—if you know what a latch is.

"The wind grew stronger until it was blowing terribly. I piled up two heavy boxes of clothing against the front door and helped to secure the door by using a pair of scissors. I then thought we were pretty safe. My wife lay there on the bed, with twins—two little children three days old. I lay down on the floor and the wind began to screech and howl in a way you cannot imagine; it was a most horrible sound, rushing and screeching like whirlwinds. It blew everything loose on the house and made an awful noise. I was afraid something would happen and I was thinking what to do, when the door blew open, pushing the boxes of clothing before it and the snow blew in right over that bed. Well, I can't describe my feelings. I grabbed the door and tried to push it shut, putting my head against it. The snow poured in over my feet and ankles; I called out for 'Aunt Lizzie'—we called her—who was living in a corner room of the house and together we tried to push the door back but we couldn't succeed. I had learned that during the day some strangers passing through the town had stopped in the big house on the east side of the street. I found a big spike nail, wrenched that out and got something to serve as a hammer. I drove that in the ground against the door and said 'Lizzie, hold on for dear life and I will get help.' I ran out the back entrance and waited until the wind lulled a bit and then ran. I got these men and it took four of us three-quarters of an hour to nail the door up.

"I lay down again on the floor and as soon as I began to go to sleep I could hear the wind screeching and howling and suddenly the window crashed and I had to get up again. I looked out and saw that the wind had blown the ground bare of snow and had actually blown rocks out of the ground and one had smashed the window and the snow was blowing in. I had to take up a Buffalo robe and nail it across the window to keep the snow from coming in—that was the pickle we were in. I had an old cow and no cow shed and the poor thing was out in the lot. I saw her standing out there like a cat perched on a fence, so I ran out and cut the rope loose and then tried to get back to the house. I dropped down on my hands and knees and pulled myself back by grabbing hold of weeds and grass. We were in that condition all day long.

"We had no stove then, but we had a chimney built in the log house. I had borrowed a sheet iron stove and built a fire so we could get some hot water. The wind was still howling and screeching, the snow flying and it was terribly cold. I had lain down again and then I noticed that the chimney was red hot and was setting the logs on fire. I tried to put the fire out by packing snow on it, but couldn't pack enough. I ran out to get help and by getting down and pulling myself along the fence I got to the nearest house and there I got Jacob Miller to help me and together we put out the fire. All that night the wind howled and blew and tore and the next morning it subsided. Then we learned of the damage it had done. Cows and sheep were destroyed, barns blown away and great damage was done. A man in the south part of town had built a new house. His wife was in the house during the storm, and the wind took the roof off the house. The woman ran with her baby across the street and there against the fence she and her baby were frozen to death."

## VII. "UP, AWAKE, YE DEFENDERS OF ZION"

THIS HYMN was written in London in 1857 or 1858, about four years before the author sailed for America, and while Johnston's Army was on the way to Utah. Although sev-

eral thousand miles away Charles W. Penrose envisioned the perilous situation of the Saints and thrilled them with the battle song which was appropriately sung to the tune of "The Red, White, and Blue." It exemplified another mood of the author—his militant characteristic. He would have taken up arms in defense of his people had occasion demanded. Yet he was as tender-hearted as a child, as humble as a saint as the two preceding songs clearly indicate.



The first verse of the battle song reads as reprinted on this page in the lower left hand column.

Three other stanzas are in like vein, and may be found on pages 82 and 83 of *Latter-day Saint Hymns*. The song is not suitable now for congregational singing in view of the changing attitude of the

world toward the Latter-day Saints. It was composed for a situation which existed for only a short time and when that situation changed it became inappropriate.

## "Beautiful Zion for Me"

By CHARLES W. PENROSE

BEAUTIFUL Zion for me down in the valley reclining,  
Memories sacred to thee, close round my heart are entwining,  
Clasped in the mountain's embrace, safe from the spoiler forever,  
Chased are the tears from thy face, joy shall depart from thee never,  
When from thy presence I roam, midst the world's grandeur I see  
Naught like my own mountain home, beautiful Zion for me.

Beautiful queen of the West, reigning o'er mountains and valley,  
Host of the purest and best, under thy standard shall rally,  
Robed in the garments of peace, virtue the crown of the glory,  
God shall thy kingdom increase, angels delight in the story,  
When through the wide world I roam, naught on the land or the sea,  
Charms like my own mountain home, beautiful Zion for me.

## VIII. "BEAUTIFUL ZION FOR ME"

ANOTHER mood of this famous author is shown in his song "Beautiful Zion for Me." An arrangement from the original tune by J. R. Thomas was made by Evan Stephens and is found on pages 394 and 395 *Latter-day Saint Hymns*. President Heber J. Grant, who is very fond of the song and its borrowed melody is authority for the following story and its origin.

Brigham Young, Jr., had presided over the European Mission and was coming home. Brother Penrose had been editing the *Millennial Star* and expected to return with Brother Brigham, but was requested to remain longer, he being such a capable man. He said to Brigham, "Oh, Brigham, Brigham, Brigham, Beautiful Zion for me. I wish I were going with you." Then he said, "Brigham, do you know the song, 'Beautiful Isle of the Sea?'"

Brother Young said, "Yes."  
"Well," said Brother Penrose, "I will write you a hymn, 'Beautiful Zion For Me,' and when you are on the ocean you can sing it and think of me. I will write it so that it can be sung to the melody of 'Beautiful Isle of the Sea.'"

The hymn was written as promised.

## "Up, Awake, Ye Defenders of Zion"

By CHARLES W. PENROSE

UP, awake, ye defenders of Zion!  
The foe's at the door of your homes;  
Let each heart be the heart of a lion,  
Unyielding and proud as he roams.  
Remember the wrongs of Missouri;  
Forget not the fate of Nauvoo!  
When the God-hating foe is before you,  
Stand firm and be faithful and true,

### Chorus

Stand firm and be faithful and true,  
Stand firm and be faithful and true,  
When the God-hating foe is before you,  
Stand firm and be faithful and true.



# EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

**A**DHESIVE tape can now be removed without the painful jerking or soaking in irritating solvents such as gasoline. A new solvent called Adhesol can be dabbed on with a piece of cotton which softens the adhesive so that it can be quickly and painlessly removed.

**R**ED CORPUSCLES have a strange sort of pulse. These red corpuscle beats are very rapid, somewhere near the speed of the vibrations of light, and are detected by means of the spectrograph, an instrument used in studying the light from the stars and the structure of atoms.

**I**N CALIFORNIA tomatoes, strawberries, and sweet peas are being grown in chemically treated water heated by electricity. The necessary chemicals are added to the water in proper proportion and concentration for the use of the plants.

**L**OCUST swarms have been observed as taking a definite path of flight in a counter-clockwise direction. If the swarm is heading north at one place, a little distance farther north the swarm's direction will have changed to a north-westerly direction.

**T**HERE are natural electric currents in the earth. They vary with the latitude and time of day. Sometimes these electric earth currents are so intense as to interfere with the sending of messages over telegraph and cable lines. One of the more intense of these earth-current storms in 1859 affected all the ground telegraph lines of the world and it was practically impossible to send telegrams for a week.

**A** MAN was swallowed by a whale and lived to tell about it. A man thrown into the water when the boat was smashed by a whale, was swallowed by the whale. When the crew cutting up the whale on the deck of the ship, cut into the stomach they found the lost seaman. It was three weeks before he recovered and was able to give his impressions.

**T**HE DANGER of being struck by lightning is very small. Only three persons in a million have been struck annually by electricity from the sky in the last ten years. Outdoor workers are in greater danger than city dwellers, since the tall buildings in the cities act as efficient lightning conductors and also by discharging the electrical tension without any actual lightning discharge.

**M**OTTLED enamel is a water-born disease where the teeth take on a dull, chalky-white appearance, often later taking on a brown stain. It has recently been found that it is due to the use of domestic water containing toxic amounts of fluorides. The action of the fluorides upon the teeth is apparently only during the time of tooth growth, for humans between birth and eight years of age.

**A** COCKROACH changes its skin seven times before reaching maturity. The skin serves as a skeleton.

**A** SCIENTIST has hatched a dozen or more generations of plant lice without the aid of a single male louse.

**T**HE COPPERY taste in many water supplies has been attributed to the grounding of radio wires in water pipes.

**T**HE AIR flow past airplane models can now be seen and photographed by a new British method. The air is made visible by the production in the current of tiny electric sparks. The sparks heat spots of air, which with proper lighting can be photographed by a cinema camera.

**"HANDIES"** the newest fad is man's oldest language, according to some scientists. Sign language can be understood the world over and may have been the first means of man's communicating with his fellows.

**A** NEW TYPE of fast bullet, shaped like a baby's bottle nipple has been invented. There are special grooves in the gun barrel to re-form the cup-shaped tail into fins to stabilize the bullet's flight. Its speed is about four times that of the .30 caliber projectile.

**T**ICKS HAVE been starved in glass bottles for three years, and when taken out were alive and peppy.

**O**RDINARILY metals show resistance when an electric current is passed through them, but at low temperatures some of them have no measurable resistance. At temperatures approaching absolute zero (459° below zero Fahrenheit) mercury, lead, and some other metals will conduct a current undiminished, without adding more electricity, as long as the metal is in that state. One investigator started a current in a ring, and after thirteen hours could not detect that current was any less.

**H**EAAT LOSSES can be reduced by one-third in the new architecture by the use of enameled steel shingles and a variety of glass wool that will enclose the house in a blanket of air resistant to fire. There will also be a new kind of cotton canvas coated with fire-proof paint and insulated with aluminum foil to form partitions, awnings, and even the roof.

**W**ILD DUCKS may die of lead poisoning even though the hunter misses them. Birds feeding on the bottom of ponds shot over by hunters scoop up the lead pellets, which slowly poison them. An alloy of lead and magnesium is proposed as a remedy; it is just as good for buckshot, but disintegrates in water.

**A** CONTINUOUS strip-sheet mill process is now in operation in twenty mills in the United States. A red-hot chunk of steel is passed through sets of rollers until it is thin, like tape, and is automatically coiled. Using as much power as a large ocean liner and precise electrical control based on years of engineering experience made this development possible.

**T**HREE ADVANCES in the fight against cancer have been reported recently. The difference in blood plasma in healthy persons and cancer sufferers can be detected by means of the spectrograph. The cancer-causing potency of a new coal tar compound has been found. Long continued injections of the female sex hormone estrin, increases the occurrence of breast cancer in mice.

**V**OLCANOEES cannot only destroy human life and property but they can be of great help to man. Tropical countries where active volcanoes abound have the most productive soils in the world and are capable of supporting large populations.

**G**LASS is now being drawn for textile purposes at a speed of 50 miles a minutes—five times as fast as a Springfield rifle bullet. A pound of glass can be drawn in a single fiber to a length of more than 25,000 miles.

**A** CHAIN replaces steel jaws in a new humane animal trap.

**A** DRINKER of alcohol "closes down" his stomach when he goes on a spree. The liquor destroys the fermenting agents of the gastric fluids and brings the whole digestive machine to a stop. This conclusion is the result of studies in the laboratory and in human subjects.



# On the Book Rack

## SEVEN CLAIMS OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

(By Dr. John A. Widtsoe and Franklin S. Harris, Jr., Zion's Printing & Publishing Co., Independence, Missouri, 1936.)

OCCASIONALLY there comes along a summary on a widely discussed subject that classifies and presents in compact, readable form all of the essential evidence for and against the case in point. Such a work is *Seven Claims of the Book of Mormon*, prepared in London, with ready access to the British Museum, by Dr. John A. Widtsoe and Franklin S. Harris, Jr., and released recently by the Press of the Zion's Printing and Publishing Company.

This collection of evidences is a reference work to which missionaries and Gospel students will look for a long time to come for information and source material on matters pertaining to the origin and authenticity of the *Book of Mormon*. Its correlated chain of facts goes back to earliest original sources on the subject, with cross-references to sub-sources and commentaries on original sources. The evidences and arguments are taken impartially from Church and non-Church authorities and are presented in such manner as to be acceptable to students both within and without the Church.

The evidences are classified under seven main headings, as follows:

Claim I—*The Book of Mormon had a miraculous origin.*

Claim II—*The Book of Mormon was written on Gold Plates in reformed Egyptian by a succession of historians.*

Claim III—*There existed a populous American civilization in antiquity.*

Claim IV—*The American Aborigines are in part of Hebrew descent.*

Claim V—*Jesus Christ visited the American continent.*

Claim VI—*The contents of the Book of Mormon are inspired.*

Claim VII—*The Book of Mormon offers a certain test of its authenticity.*

In one-hundred ninety-eight brief and readable pages the authors of this intensely interesting work have managed not only to summarize more than a century's "pro and con" claims, but have added some new supporting evidences from recent research and current discoveries.

*Seven Claims of the Book of Mormon* is more than a reference work: It is a book to be read and enjoyed. It is an added testimony, among many, for the Book that "offers comfort and

solace to a troubled world which clearly needs the doctrine that it teaches." This work is destined to become a permanent and highly valued addition to Church and university libraries, because, besides its own original contributions, it brings together in usable and readily accessible form much priceless information from obscure and scattered sources.—R. L. E.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AS CHARACTER TRAINING  
(Leonid V. Tulpa—J. J. Little & Co., N. Y.)

THE AUTHOR sets himself the task of examining and evaluating such objections to religious education as (1) that it leads to religious indifference; (2) it is a form of indoctrination; (3) it introduces fear into child life; (4) it provides an escape from reality.

The author forcefully demonstrates the invalidity of these objections and brings into relief the confusion in thinking of critics of religious education. Much of this confusion is caused by a lack of knowledge of what religion is and of how its aims may be achieved.

The author offers a definition of religion in terms of attitudes toward God and man, and lists and defines the desired attitudes. The child's environment is then examined to discover the agencies in contact with which the child acts and behaves. The home, school, church, community; the cinema, the radio, and the press must coordinate their activities under expert guidance, with aims directed toward the specific attitudes desired, if constructive religious education is to be realized.



## POETRY

By Helen McMahan

THE VOICE of dawn, an ancient earthen jar,  
An empty house, a bit of yellow lace,  
A grain of sand, an inlaid steel guitar,  
The eyes of one who searched her lover's face,

A tumble-weed, the ring-dove's eerie cry,  
A pleasure boat, a sagging wooden gate,  
An open fire, a bit of April sky,  
A blue-glazed china plate.

Red slipped feet, a bird with broken wing,  
A menu card, a withered Judas tree:—  
To these, and more, my tribute I would sing,  
Because all things are poetry to me.

This book will interest those who want a survey picture of the psychological foundations of religious education and the agencies through which character is developed.—Reviewed by Dr. M. Lynn Bennion, Supervisor of Latter-day Saint Seminaries.

THE ART OF LEADERSHIP  
(Ordway Tead, McGraw-Hill Company, Inc., New York, 1936.)

TO A CHURCH vitally concerned with leadership, this book offers helpful suggestions. Mr. Tead stresses the responsibility of leadership, the great leader being to the author one who "has become the symbol of the cause and has given prestige to it and human warmth." The analysis of the characteristics which are essential to good leadership is keen.

The final paragraph is particularly important in these days of changing governments and dictatorships: "Good leading depends upon good followers. It depends upon people gradually being able to know wherein lies their own highest good, and upon their being moved to follow it. The process is eternally interdependent. The leader points the way but equally the followers decide that the way is good."

—M. C. J.

THE EXILE  
(Pearl S. Buck, Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1936.)

COURAGE, indomitable will to serve, and a fixed purpose are all typified in this book, telling the life story of a missionary's wife in China. Vividly, Mrs. Buck paints her central figure in unforgettable colors. Poignantly, Carrie moves across the pages of the book, offering her practical advice to the Chinese. Carrie's joyous way of living with her children suggests simple ways in which we may make our own home life more happily worthwhile.—M. C. J.

PRATT THE RED MAN'S MOSES  
(Elaine Goodale Eastman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1935.)

THE interest of the Latter-day Saints in the Indian, which has been of long duration, will be heightened by the reading of this biography of the noted Indian teacher. His work with the Indians proved their native ability and keenness of perception as well as their dogged persistence in the face of almost desperate conditions. Pratt learned that the Indian, contrary to most beliefs, is not a lazy person. His association with the Indians in many capacities taught him that they have many admirable qualities.—M. C. J.

## M. I. A. READING COURSE BOOKS

## ADULT

## WAKE UP AND LIVE

(Dorothea Brande-Simon and Schuster, New York, 1936)

MRS. BRANDE is a stimulating writer who makes her readers feel that all things are possible—if only they set their wills to work. "Act as if it were impossible to fail" is the keynote of the book. Mrs. Brande says the old thing in a convincingly new way—to our joy and benefit.

We recommend this book heartily for Mutual members in addition to the Adult class. It is easily read and will prove a challenging, stimulating one.—M. C. J.

## SENIOR

## MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR LIFE

(John J. B. Morgan and Ewing T. Webb, Garden City Publishing Company, 1932)

STIMULATING to the nth degree is this book by the authors of *Strategy in Handling People* which was the reading course book of 1934-35 season. Legions of examples will prove the statements made. Of course, the authors would have done well to choose some other women than Carrie Nation and Cleopatra, who although great in their own right are not typical of the many women who have achieved.

The books will prove worthy of placing in the hands of younger people to impel them to greater accomplishments.—M. C. J.

## M MEN AND GLEANERS

## NORTH TO THE ORIENT

FORMERLY reviewed in *The Improvement Era* for March, 1936, page 170—as we recommended it to you then, may we reemphasize its values?

## EXPLORERS

## THE HEART OF A ROSE

(Mabel A. McKee, Fleming H. Revell Co., 1923.)

EVERY YOUNG man in his teens will want to read this book because it deals with a problem that is fundamental in the life of every youth—the proper attitude and relationship of a young man toward the young women with whom he associates. This story, told in symbolism, can be read in an hour or less—but its impression is indelible and its lesson is strong. *The Heart of a Rose* is as popular today as it was a generation ago because it deals with a problem that is vital to every generation.—R. L. E.

## JUNIOR

## LARRY

(The John Day Company, New York, 1931.)

"THOUGHTS OF YOUTH" is the subtitle of this entertaining and informational book of a college lad whose spontaneous reactions to life offer an insight into the thinking of young people for older people who read it and will encourage Junior Girls to do the right thing.

Larry's statement concerning Mormonism is at once a challenge and an inspiration: "I went to Sunday School and believe me, whether the Mormons have the right dope or not, it is the most plausible and sane and scientific and universal that I've heard. And everyone from the littlest kid to the oldest man knows his stuff. There is no mystery, no wondering if there is something that had better be left unexplained; everything is clear and implicitly believed and lived!"—M. C. J.

## SCOUTS

"THE VOICE OF THE INTANGIBLE" (Albert R. Lyman, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1936)

SOME years ago this story of a courageous young cowboy who rode the San Juan hills appeared in *The Improvement Era*. So popular was it that scores of requests have been received by the author and by the *Era* for its republication.

A spirit pervades this work by Albert R. Lyman which endears it to the hearts of all who read it.

The story surrounds Ben Rojer, a lad of eleven, who begins to ride the range with his father, Fred Rojer, a very splendid cattleman. The tale takes the boy through many experiences both humorous and sad. I asked Zeke Johnson, custodian of the Natural Bridges, how he liked the book, "The Voice of the Intangible." He replied:

"I love it. It is a great story of my country and my people."

Cowboys, rangers, good and bad, Indians, and many horses trail through this wonderful story of our own Utah range land.—Harrison R. Merrill, Director Extension Division B. Y. U.

## SUGGESTED LIST FOR BEE-HIVE GIRLS

Heidi—Spyri.  
Poor Little Rich Girl—E. Gates.  
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Wiggins.  
Red Robin—Jane Abbott.  
Merridy Road—Jane Abbott.  
Miss Jolley's Family—Jane Abbott.  
Little Women—Louise May Alcott.  
Old Fashioned Girl—Louise May Alcott.  
Miss Billy—Porter.  
The Secret Garden—F. H. Burnett.  
Daddy Long Legs—Jean Webster.  
Dear Enemy—Jean Webster.

Judy—Temple Bailey.

Wind in the Chimney—Cornelia Meigs.  
Red Caps to Lilles—Katherine Adams.  
Little Soldier of the Plains—Marion Mc-

Donough. Reviewed below.  
Grey Eyes—Katherine Adams.  
The Dear Pretender—Alice R. Colver.  
Ho-Ming, Girl of New China—Elizabeth Lewis.

Children of the Covered Wagon—Mary J. Carr.

A Frontier Girl of Chesapeake Bay—A. T. Curtis.

Five Girls Who Dared—Helen Ferris.  
Magic Portholes—Helen Follett.

Pollyanna—Porter.  
Anne of Green Gables—Montgomery.

Pat of Silver Bush—Montgomery.  
What Katy Did—Susan Coolidge.

What Katy Did Next—Susan Coolidge.  
Girl of the Limberlost—Porter.

Anne of Avonlea—Montgomery.  
Anne's House of Dreams—Montgomery.

Pollyanna Grows Up—Montgomery.  
Pollyanna of the Orange Blossoms—

Montgomery.  
Juan and Juanita—Tremier Courtney

Baylor.  
Youth's Captain—Story of Ralph Waldo

Emerson by Hildgarde Hawthorne.  
Caddie Woodlawn—Carol Ryrie Brink.

Dobry—Monica Shannon. Reviewed below.

Young Walter Scott—Elizabeth Janet Gray.

Face West—Margaret Lull.  
Nancy Sails—Mildred Wasson.

These books can be purchased at the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## CADDIE WOODLAWN

(Carol Ryrie Brink, Macmillan Company, New York, 1936.)

CADDIE WOODLAWN completely deserves the distinction it has received by winning the Newbery prize for juvenile literature. The story is a rollicking, exciting one of adventure in early day Wisconsin, based on many actual happenings in the life of the author's grandmother. This book is a worthwhile addition to the library for growing boys and girls.—M. C. J.

Two other books recommended on this list for Bee-Hive Girls have already been reviewed in the *Era*:

"Youth's Captain," in December, 1935, page 759.

"Young Walter Scott," in November, 1935, page 693.

## LITTLE SOLDIERS OF THE PLAINS

(Marian M. McDonough, The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, 1934.)

THE STORY of thirteen year old Marian Blane who left Leavenworth, Kansas, to travel to Colorado will find a thrilling echo in the hearts of countless Latter-day Saint boys and girls whose ancestors braved the same kind of hardships to settle in the western states. The story will be gripping for younger readers.—M. C. J.



# Homing



CONDUCTED BY MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY has stood on the Island of Bedloe for fifty years watching the ships plow through the rough waters of the Atlantic . . . holding aloft her torch to the steamers that bring to us the fashion message of Paris.

She has looked with an eye of approval and sometimes with a cynical eye upon the fashions that have passed by during her half a century at the mouth of the Hudson river . . . beginning with the "Basque" and "Leg-o'-Mutton Sleeves" of the '80's down to the "Flapper" of 1928, the "Hour Glass" of 1932 and the "Streamline" of 1934.

This season, with a smile on her face that would measure four feet wide (if she could smile) she ushers in the "Casual" fashion of 1937 . . . a style that puts American women in a class with the best dressed women of the world.

"Casual" is a new and definite set fashion of its own for fall and winter. A "friendly" in between dressy and sports type fashion to keep the hurrying American comfortable and happy. It combines trends from the Orient, from Europe and from America—with colors subtle and sophisticated—to give us a fashion that is versatile.

You will hear the certain fashion appeal of "Casual" whenever you go to buy coats, dresses, millinery or accessories this Fall.

. . . and when you wear this fashion that will be at home everywhere—here or abroad, you'll agree with the Goddess of Liberty that the reasons you both like it are because it's quiet, well-bred and free from tricks; a perfect fashion to suit the practical needs of the busy American woman.

## HAIR CUT

By Alberta H. Christensen

NO ONE tells the barber-man  
Where he can't cut and where he can;  
Mom thinks he does eggactly right,  
But 'cause I barbered me tonight,  
She says I look an awful sight.  
That's what she said, "An awful sight."

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SCHOOL BELLS! To quote Poe: "What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"—At least that is as it should be. Too often it becomes like another line of Poe: "What a tale their terror tells of Despair!"

We parents have a responsibility in making the children's school year a happier one than any they have had before. We should plan well enough that the children may feel at home with the group in which they find themselves. One rather comprehensive study of reasons as to why children disliked school resolved itself largely into the fact that they could not dress as other members of the group did and therefore they felt self-conscious. If we are observant and discriminating, we can buy economically and yet have the children well dressed in a style similar to that of their classmates.

ANOTHER feature of school work which should be watched carefully is the attitude that we as parents take toward our children's teachers. Not all people react to others in the same way, and that again is as it should be. Wouldn't it be a monotonous world if everybody liked everybody else equally well? We should be especially careful not to confuse personal dislike with the teacher's ability to impart what we want the children to learn.



We must guard our tongues in front of the children. We should avoid making any disparaging remark concerning the teachers. We should do our best to prevent older children from telling stories about the severities of teachers. When the younger children hear these tales, they go into the room frightened and therefore with a mind set against the work. Often they cannot succeed in overcoming this fear and as a result cannot do the work satisfactorily. Let's cooperate to make this school year a delightful experience for our family.

While our children are learning, mothers should not mark time. If we don't do our best to keep up, we shall awake one day to find that our children are just a bit ashamed of us. There are many agencies through which we can improve ourselves. Universities offer extension and correspondence courses; most governments have adult school programs; cities have community centers where women may study in various fields.

A book that will prove of great help to mothers who feel rusty is a book with a title that reads like a conundrum: *Learning How to Learn*, written by Pitkin, Newton, and Langham, and published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company of New York and London, at a cost of only 92 cents. A group of mothers in the same neighborhood could form a study class using this book as a basis. The book is especially helpful when a group can work out the experiments together. The book will stimulate the opening of doors long since closed and will help in the general business of living and learning.

## A WISH

By Alberta Huish Christensen

"WILL you have some of this, my dear?"  
Mom says, "Of course you would."  
And I'm supposed to eat it all,—  
As if it tasted good.  
But if you'd really like to know,  
I wish that *spinach* didn't grow.



"JUST ONE OF THE CROWD. . . LEONE, IS THAT ALL I MEAN TO YOU"

LEONE nibbled slowly on a piece of toast as from her vantage seat in the breakfast nook she watched the steady line of children on their way to school. Booksacks were swinging blithely, some small owners hurrying to crowd in a marble or hopscotch game before the nine o'clock bell, others dallying along, shouting noisily as they shuffled through the crackling leaves bordering the sidewalk.

"Everyone going somewhere, except me," the girl thought listlessly as she cleared the table. Ordinarily she would have finished the dishes in a short time, enjoying the bright October sunshine flooding through the ruffled curtains, sparkling on the silverware, and lying in pools of light on the linoleum floor.

# A PRELUDE TO LIVING

By PAULINE ALLEN

IN WHICH ONE GIRL FINDS AN ANSWER TO A MODERN QUESTION—A HOME OR A CAREER?

Ordinarily, too, Leone was attractive, but now, drugged with discontent and despair, she moved apathetically. Her lithe slender body seemed heavy and in its frame of gold brown hair her vivid face was dull and listless, insensitive to the beauty of the crimsoning leaves, to the tang of fall in the crisp breeze ruffling her hair as she shook the breakfast cloth.

She had gone over the matter so many times, each time returning wearily to the same place. It hadn't been her fault that the Knowlton school board had decided to cut out the extra section of beginners; of course she was the newest teacher and logically the one to dispense with. Just one of those things that happen, and with every other school system cutting down on teachers there hadn't been a chance to get another position.

"Never mind, daughter," her father had said. "It will be good to have you at home. You haven't seemed much like my little girl since you became an important lady of affairs," he had twinkled at her. "Besides, your mother needs your help too."

"Leone, dear," her mother remonstrated. "You mustn't be morbid about it. Why, there are scores of teachers out of work. It seems so good to have you at home. Then you have your Sunday School class and the story hour at the library. Perhaps you will do more good this way."

"Oh, I'm just ungrateful, Mother," Leone said contritely. "It is nice to be at home, and you're so understanding. I don't often feel this way; only last night at the shower for Beth Merrill, all the old crowd were there and so many of them said, 'What! are you still at home? I thought you were off to

school again.' Of course I laughed and said no I wasn't teaching this year as though it were a mere triviality; but mother, it's simply that for two years I have flown too high and, well, you know the higher one goes, the harder the fall," she finished whimsically.

"I know, dear, it is hard; but we all must make adjustments. It isn't what we do but how we do it that counts," returned her mother.

"You're a good tonic. I feel better already and I shall recommend your professional services highly," Leone smiled. "Now I believe I need a walk; shall I take Ted's laundry and mail it?"

But just the same, she mused as she dressed for her walk: she could have helped them so much—with Ted in college for his first year, with the twins' tonsil operation, and other obligations. But worst of all, she thought, I'm losing confidence in myself—and besides—it's one matter to pass off the fact that one is unemployed and quite another to deny gaily with eyes masked, to meet the significant smiles and innuendoes of well meaning friends who said, "Now, now, young lady! Confess the secret of your staying at home. Where is that tall young man who was here every week-end one summer?"

"Yes, indeed, where is he?" Leone murmured to herself. From a drawer she took an overflowing snapshot album. Stan smiled up at her from the wheel of a low slung roadster, from over a campfire, from a snap of them together on horses silhouetted against the skyline. What joyous days those had been!

She closed the book with a sigh. She had met Stan the first year she was at Knowlton, a Knowlton boy

(Continued on page 580)

# Melchizedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE  
COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—EDITED BY JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

## THE STAKE MISSIONARY WORK

FOR SEVERAL years some of the leading stakes of Zion, especially those in Salt Lake City and county, have been conducting missionary work within the borders of the respective stakes. Wonderful results have come from this labor. Brief mention has already been made of the good which has been accomplished by the faithful men and women who have given their time to this labor in a local way. This work is to be continued, but under different aspects in relation to the work. The Seventies of the Church are called to be the missionaries and their labors will be under the supervision of the First Council and the Presidencies of the stakes. Within the past two or three months this missionary cause has been passing through the transition period from the old system to the new. Within a short time we expect to find the work fully established and in perfect working order in all the stakes of Zion.

The following report, covering a period of six months, and embracing the work under the old system of missionary labor within the Liberty Stake has been forwarded to President Rudger Clawson. This is typical of the missionary work which has been performed in several of the other stakes. Those stakes where this activity has not been inaugurated, but in which it is now to be fully established, should take notice of this report and the missionaries in such stakes should endeavor to emulate the example of the faithful workers whose labors are reflected in the report published here.

July 10, 1936.

President Rudger Clawson,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Brother:

Enclosed is report of the activities of the local missionaries of the Liberty Stake of Zion for the six months ending June 30, 1936:

Number of missionaries in the stake....	85
Evenings or parts of days spent in missionary work .....	1828
Hours spent in missionary work .....	3164
Number calls made while tracing .....	3770
Number of first invitations while tracing .....	1348
Number of revisits .....	1319
Gospel conversations .....	2637
Standard Church works and books distributed .....	61
Tracts distributed .....	1994
Cottage meetings held .....	5
Baptism as a result of missionary labor .....	87

Sincerely your brother,  
(Signed)

ADOLPH MERZ,  
President of the Liberty  
Stake Mission.

Every effort should be made to hold cottage meetings. If it is possible to receive an invitation to hold such a meeting at the home of an investigator where the people of the neighborhood may be invited to assemble, this should be done. Homes of members of the Church, perhaps the homes of the missionaries themselves, may also be available, and invitations extended to interested people living within the district of the mission. It is our duty to do all in our power to place the message of the Gospel before the people. We have the message of divine truth. The greatest gift of God to His children is the gift of eternal life. Few among the many are troubled about the securing of this great gift. We must by every proper means, using judgment, tact, and knowledge, awaken those who are indifferent and enlighten all who may be led to take an interest in their eternal salvation. This is a day of indifference. The minds of men are set upon this world and what it offers. The sight of heaven is lost, or never considered, by the great majority in this day of material achievement. Yet there are precious souls to be saved and all men are to be warned, so that they may be left without excuse if they fail to heed the message.

The following letter in relation to the missionary work has been issued from the office of the First Council of Seventy:—

July 15, 1936.

To Stake Presidencies:  
Dear Brethren:

We deem it highly important in the very beginning of our local missionary work in the Stakes of Zion that there shall be a full and harmonious understanding with the local authorities of the Church, particularly with the Bishops of wards, who are charged with the great responsibility of conducting the affairs of the Church within their respective jurisdictions.

Our approach to this matter must, of necessity, be through you, under whose direction and supervision the various wards are operating and with whom The First Council of the Seventy are collaborating in organizing and conducting the new uniform and permanent system of missionary work throughout the organized Stakes of Zion.

It is definitely understood that the missionaries are to be called by you after consultation with the Bishops and the local councils of the Seventy. This we consider a very wise provision, for it leaves the matter of safeguarding the stake and ward activities such as Sunday Schools and M. I. A., etc., entirely under your control and will present any undue and unnecessary inroads being made on your local organizations.

To cripple or disrupt the local activities in the wards or in any way to work adversely to their best interests would be to defeat the very purpose of our mission, and nothing could be farther from our intent. On the contrary, we desire to build them up and in every possible way to sustain the splendid institutions which the Lord has established in the Wards and Stakes of Zion for the salvation of His people, both old and young.

And yet, at the same time, we must depend upon our Bishops for our missionaries, and we most assuredly count on receiving their loyal and enthusiastic cooperation by supplying us suitable men and women for carrying on this new missionary movement within the stakes of Zion. Without this, success would be impossible.

Inasmuch as our missionaries will be laboring right in their own stake, it will be seen that every effort put forth by them will redound to the benefit of the ward. If we are successful in our labors, it means increased membership in the wards, increased attendance at Sacrament meetings, increased payments of tithes and offerings, better knowledge and stronger testimonies of the Gospel, and better ability for teaching it.

Surely then, all our efforts will inure directly to the welfare of the wards. We are not taking our officers and workers away from you, but merely borrowing them for a short period of about two years, to return them to you all the better prepared for their ward and stake activities, by reason of having filled an honorable mission.

In our Letter No. 4, we advocated the extension of the missionary term beyond the two-year period which has been fixed for our foreign missions. Let us now rescind that recommendation by adopting the two-year period, the same as in the foreign missionary service. This is recommended to us by The First Presidency. We heartily concur in this advice and feel that it would have been unwise to prolong the missionary term beyond the two-year period.

As the two-year period expires and the missionaries are released, you will be confronted with the task of finding recruits; therefore, let us suggest that you do not call so many that you will be unable to fill the vacancies in the missionary forces caused by their releases. We should bear in mind that these Stake Missions are to be permanent institutions—a perpetual going and coming—and therefore we should endeavor to make our plans fit into this situation, and not undertake to carry a heavier load than we can continue to maintain.

Trusting that we may, with the blessing and favor of the Lord and our united efforts, be able to accomplish the work assigned unto us, we remain,

Sincerely your brethren,  
THE FIRST COUNCIL OF SEVENTY,  
By RULON S. WELLS.

# Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

## YOUTH OF CHURCH ISSUES CHALLENGE TO OBSERVE LAWS OF GOD

Addresses delivered at Aaronic Priesthood Assembly, Salt Lake Tabernacle, June 28, 1936

### HONOR THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY

#### SHALL THE YOUTH OF ZION FALTER?

By Spencer Cowan  
(Bonneville Stake)

ONE beautiful spring day in the year 1820, a youth, not yet in his fifteenth year, retired to the solitude of a wooded grove to call upon his Father. Finding a secluded spot, he looked about him to be sure that he was alone, and then bowed down and poured forth his heart to heaven. On that day occurred one of the most marvelous and important events in the history of the world.

The story is too commonly known to need repeating. We all know the results of that prayer in the Sacred Grove—how the Father and Son descended and appeared to the young Prophet and told him that through him would the true Church of Jesus Christ be restored to the earth—how within the next ten years, while still a youth in his late teens and early twenties, the same young man received golden plates which had long been hidden from the eyes of the world and translated them, giving to the world its second great scriptural work—how as the climax to that wondrous brief decade, the young Prophet Joseph Smith established the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Youth established the Church and youth made it endure. Since the establishment of the Church, youth has been one of its active, guiding factors. For some four generations youth has taken up the cross where their elders have lowered it. For five generations youth has carried on.

It seems that at the present there is grave doubt in the minds of some of the older members of this Church concerning the so-called "modern youth" which must some day carry on. Today, we, this modern youth, have assembled to give forth our answer to those doubts. This afternoon, I speak to you not as one youth of the Church, but as your representative to answer the fears of our elders.

We are, we admit, living in a day when temptations are greater and yet

more subtle than ever before. Everywhere about us evil is rampant. Literature, art, dramatics, all the finest of the arts, are reverting to nothing but an outlet for the basest emotions of human nature.

Advertising, one of the greatest influences for advancement in our civilization, has been twisted by unscrupulous, money-mad demons to make evils seem as virtues before our eyes. Everywhere we see and hear that which we know to be false. Known contaminators of the human body are publicized as builders of great strength. Here we must judge. Perhaps the decision as to the right and wrong seems difficult but in truth it should be very simple. Can there ever be a compromise with evil? There is only one possible answer—there can never be.

The principles and doctrines of this Church establish definitely the line between good and evil. Certainly the fact that "everybody's doing it" does not alter or erase that line. We know the law; it has been given to us by divine inspiration. It is ours to keep. This is the answer of the youth of Zion. And skeptical as may be a few "doubting Thomases," the youth of Zion still turn to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for the standard of righteous conduct and living.

Perhaps we have been a little lax in some of the practices of our faith—in one thing, I think, more than any other: that of the observance of the Sabbath. Thinking it a little thing, we have failed to measure up to the expectations of the Father in this respect. I will not attempt to defend our conduct in relation to this principle; I must simply admit we have been negligent. But it certainly is no little thing to desecrate the Sabbath. It is the Lord's day and must be commemorated as such. At this very time, there are many, perhaps faithful in other things, who are in absence from this session simply because of choice of diverting pleasure.

These are the ones who must be reached by the message of this conference. But a mere handful of the youth of Zion are now within reach of my voice, and those the choicest of the lot. You have answered to the call to put away frivolities and hearken to the word of God. But with this group can begin the return to proper observance of the Sabbath. Carry the message to

your friends, your teachers, your wards and stakes. From this humble beginning shall arise a new reverence for the Lord's day throughout the Church. Perhaps we have been lax, but there is still time for repentance. And by repentance, I mean the forsaking of our sinful ways forever. As Joseph Smith once said: "Daily transgression and daily repentance is not that which is pleasing in the sight of God." Let us repent of our negligent conduct, and forever continue in the path of right.

We, the youth of Zion, have been condemned for many things by our elders, but perhaps the greatest cause of this is the seeming tolerance we have for practices contrary to our beliefs. I will admit that some may see ambiguity in the statement that we are tolerant, yet uncompromising. Yet in truth, these two things conflict not at all. Daily in our schools we are thrown in contact with the youth of every creed and denomination in existence. We associate and mingle with them, frequently finding them even more enjoyable companions than those of our own faith. We learn to respect them and their ideas, though perhaps entirely contrary to our own.

The fact that they see no harm in smoking a cigarette or taking a drink of liquor does not justify our believing the same. We have reason to believe otherwise, and we do. We are merely tolerating a situation, not compromising with it. We still have our beliefs, and we shall ever cling to them. As the eleventh Article of Faith states:

"We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may."

I must admit that our viewpoint on many of the evils before us today are at variance with those of the old generation, but if you could ever peer beneath this surface difference you would find that the majority of the younger generation is still willing to accept the judgment of its elders. "Honor thy Father and thy Mother," still holds for us the same deep meaning that it did for the generations past. Our surface veneer makes us seem a hard, proud lot, but in reality, the inner spirit is the same as of old.

As I have already said, we do have more temptations to overcome. But

if we are not defeated by these obstacles, we shall rise an even greater and stronger generation for our having met and conquered them. Just a few years ago a young man, Earl Ross, then a member of Emigration Ward of Bonneville Stake, prepared a talk which he was never destined to deliver. Just before the June Conference at which he was to speak, he took seriously ill, and two days later passed from this earth. From his last message, I quote:

"Well, Pioneer, you see we too have mountains to climb, prairies to cross, rivers to ford in carrying the torch of our faith. Ours is a great task, but we are unflinchingly pioneering in new fields. We are still miles from our goal—a goal that we can never reach, nor can any of the succeeding generations. There will always be new problems to solve, new pioneering in new fields, but we are still miles on our way. We have achieved concrete goals but we can't and won't stop. We shall press on and carry the torch you have handed to us, the torch of our faith, to every part of the world, no matter where it is; to every nation, no matter how small; to every individual no matter how lowly. We will do these things with every worthy cause we can command. We will pioneer, just as you did."

Earl Ross's last pledge was that the youth would carry on. We, the living youth, will make good his word.

"Shall the youth of Zion falter,  
In defending truth and right?  
While the enemy assaileth,  
Shall we shrink or shun the fight, No!  
True to the faith that our parents have  
cherished,  
True to the truth for which martyrs have  
perished,  
To God's command, soul, heart, and hand,  
Faithful and true we will ever stand."

That the older generation may have more faith in the youth, and that the youth may ever prove worthy of that faith, is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### "BY MY ACTIONS I WILL PROVE MY ALLEGIANCE TO THE CHURCH"

By Edwin Erickson  
(Liberty Stake)

BY our actions and in no other way can we prove our allegiance to God or the Church. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a restored plan of life and salvation, revealed under proper authority. It teaches belief in God the Father, His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost, and man's responsibility for his own acts; that all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel. It teaches us to be honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous and to do good to all men. I am proud to show allegiance to such a Church.

Allegiance can be indisputably proved only by positive action.

Proving devotion and loyalty by action is not a new thing. Many have thoughts along this line for we have heard such old adages as "By their fruits ye shall know them", "Actions speak louder than words", "What you are, rings so loudly in my ears that I cannot hear what you are saying." Not only in the religious realm do actions prove intentions, for true patriots must do something for their country, a father must act for his family, a mother must minister to her children:

To accept a theoretical belief in God and His Son and then stand idly by watching their teachings ignored and the work of the Church left undone, is cowardly. To repeat the Articles of Faith and then be dishonest, unchaste,

selfish, or stoop to anything unworthy destroys our right even to claim allegiance to the Latter-day Saint belief.

Such terms as loyalty, fidelity and devotion are abstract. The Church itself is abstract, but the proof of one to the other must of necessity be concrete.

An army officer from New York on his first visit to a CCC Camp in Utah said, "I am curiously interested in Mormonism because the Mormon boys distinguished themselves by their actions. They are easier to discipline, dependable key men, and know more about their religion than any boys I have ever met."

Once while Oscar Kirkham was touring  
(Continued on page 570)

## THE WORD OF WISDOM REVIEW

A Monthly Presentation of Pertinent Information Regarding the  
Lord's Law of Health

### MESSAGE OF THE WORD OF WISDOM

Excerpts from an Address  
by Elder Stephen L. Richards.

I KNOW of nothing wiser than the Word of Wisdom. I regard this great message from the Lord as being one of the most distinctive and one of the most vital contributions coming to the world through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Like all great messages and documents it connotes even more than it denotes. It is given in sufficient detail to obviate all ambiguity, and at the same time it is sufficiently general to have application to many phases of life and to all of those items which enter into clean living. It proceeds upon the assumption that the greatest thing in life is living, and that the most indispensable thing to good living is health—bodily, mental, and spiritual.

We cannot contemplate a good man who does not have respect for the sacred institution of his body. God has given to us in this dispensation a new conception of the body of man. It is something more than earth and the elements of earth. We believe that the spirit is the literal child of God, that it comes to earth in divine providence to take on mortality, that while here it is housed in a tabernacle, that that tabernacle itself is made through the beneficent provision of the Creator in his own likeness. In that conception no one may defile the tabernacle, wherein dwells the spirit, without offering affront to God who gave it. He cannot pollute his body with poisonous or disintegrating substances without committing an offense against his God and his Creator.

The Word of Wisdom has come to us in what seems to me the most excellent, the most pleasing manner possible to give a message. It came by

way of greeting to the Saints, not by way of constraint—so it states—in which respect it has seemed to me to be comparable to the greatest messages which came from the Redeemer of the world when in the flesh he spoke to mankind. It rings with the same spirit as do the Beatitudes, wherein the Christ said, not by way of constraint, not in the thunder of commandment, but in that lovely spirit which characterized his ministry: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." So he gave to us this fundamental message of life and health and strength and purity, "as a principle with promise."

Is it less binding upon us, does it constrain us the less, because the Lord has said that it is pleasing unto him that we should do the things here enumerated and avoid the things here enjoined?

President Wilford Woodruff said:

"We are sent into this world to accomplish a great purpose, and to fulfill the object of our creation we must observe the commandments of God, and obey the ordinances of His house, and walk in them while we live in the flesh, that when we have done with this body we can go back into the presence of our Father and our God and receive in fullness the blessings and promises made to His children.

"Those persons who will not walk according to the light they have, must sooner or later inherit sore afflictions to themselves; they do not have joy, and happiness, and salvation like that person who obeys the commandments of God and constantly does that which is right. The wicked are always in fear. There is no inducement for a man or woman to commit sin—it is not a paying business. It is better for us to serve the Lord, for those who serve the Lord morning, noon, and night are happy, whether they be rich or poor."



# Ward Teaching



CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

## Ward Teacher's Message for October, 1936

### "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

THERE HAS been much discussion of the sentence in the Lord's Prayer which has been translated "Lead us not into temptation." The revised version which many accept is "Leave us not in temptation."

Does God lead his children into temptation? All the evidence and the dictates of reason are to the contrary. Temptation is permitted that the children of God may gain a knowledge of good and evil through experience. All the teachings of our Father in heaven lead us into righteousness and away from evil. Yet temptation must be placed before man in order to permit the operation of the law of free agency. God neither leads us into temptation nor permits evil powers to force us to sin.

The following quotations from *Articles of Faith* by James E. Talmage, should be studied carefully: "It is no more a part of God's plan to compel men to work righteousness than it is his purpose to permit evil powers to force his children into sin.

"Concerning his dealings with the first patriarch of the race (Adam) God has declared in this day: 'Behold, I gave unto him that he should be an agent unto himself.'

"A knowledge of good and evil is essential to the advancement that God has made possible for his children to achieve; and this knowledge can be best gained by actual experience. Therefore, has man been placed upon earth subject to the influence of good and wicked powers, with a knowledge of the conditions surrounding him, and a heaven-born right to choose for himself.

"Another of the Nephite Prophets (Alma) in speaking of those who had died, said they had gone 'That they might reap their rewards according to their works, whether they were good or whether they were bad, to reap eternal happiness or eternal misery, according to the spirit which they listed to obey, whether it be a good spirit or a bad one. For every man receiveth wages of him whom he listeth to obey.'

From the above it will be seen that while temptation in the world is necessary, having been introduced by Satan, and by divine permission continued in order that man may gain experience by contrast between evil and good, God does not lead us into temptation. His "leading" is all away from it. He desires his children to be saved in the highest degree of glory which will be our happy lot if we avoid temptation, lead ourselves not into it, but by following the teachings given unto us, overcome temptation and thus win exaltation and eternal life.

Can discover the needy.  
No organization replaces it.

### HOW TO TEACH

Prayer before starting on duty.  
Warm greeting to every member.  
State purpose of visit.  
Sing, if opportunity occurs.  
Pray, when opportunity occurs.  
Present message for month.  
Teach what the spirit prompts.  
Radiate the spirit of faith.  
Leave family thankful for visit.  
Be regular in visits.  
Visit more than once a month, if necessary.  
Have family discuss message.  
Leave one good thought, at least.

### WHAT TO TEACH

Tactfully ascertain attitude of family toward:  
a. Church.  
b. General Authorities.  
c. The Sabbath Day.  
d. Word of Wisdom.  
e. Family prayer.  
f. Tithing.  
g. Missionary service.  
h. Individual prayer.  
i. Fast offerings.  
j. Activities of family in Church organizations.  
k. Harmony in family.  
l. New families in district.  
m. Sick and needy in neighborhood.

Special attention to neglectful families.

Indifferent boys and girls.  
Sacramental meetings.

### DON'T'S

Don't gossip.  
Don't discuss other people's affairs.  
Don't be a pessimist.  
Don't embarrass parents of children.  
Don't try to pry into private affairs.

### RESULTS

More Scripture reading.  
More praying in the home.  
Better attendance at Sacramental meetings.  
Better tithepayers.  
Better observance of Word of Wisdom.  
Awakening of love for the Gospel.  
Gives Saints a desire to serve.  
Better living of the Gospel.  
Decrease of trouble and transgressors.  
Remember that the key note of successful ward teaching is love of teacher for his fellow members and desire for their welfare.

FROM the notebook of Bishop John Wells of the Presiding Bishopric the following thoughts on Ward Teaching are taken:

### REFERENCES

Doc. and Cov. 20:46-53; 107:10; 84:111.

### IMPORTANCE

An honor to be a teacher.  
Should be proud of his calling.  
Represents the bishopric.  
Is shepherd of a flock.  
No duty more necessary.  
No better opportunity to do good.  
Gospel is vital message.

### KIND OF TEACHERS

Must be true Latter-day Saint.  
Should live exemplary life.  
Should sincerely believe the Gospel.  
Should have enthusiasm for work.  
Should have a testimony.  
Should love fellowmen.  
Should believe in prayer.  
Should be above personal gossip.  
Free from sins of the world.

Develop missionary spirit.  
Must be free from fault-finding.  
Example is better than precept.

### PURPOSE

To build up faith.  
To teach the Gospel.  
To exhort.  
To encourage.  
To keep out iniquity.  
To teach family prayer.  
To inquire about temporal conditions.  
Calling is very important.  
Personal contact with family.  
Discover the needy.

### RESPONSIBILITY OF FAMILY

Should welcome teachers.  
Should gather family together.  
Should establish order in the home.  
Head of home should tell teachers they are in charge.

### OPPORTUNITIES

Done exclusively in home.  
No other organization does it.  
Reaches Saints as a family.  
In touch with old and young.

# Mutual Messages

## General Superintendency

**Y. M. M. I. A.**  
ALBERT E. BOWEN  
GEORGE O. MORRIS  
FRANKLIN L. WEST  
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,  
*Executive Secretary*

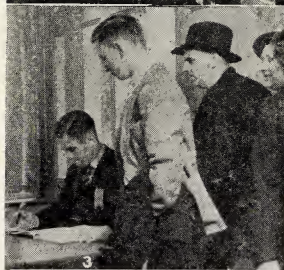
**General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.**  
50 NORTH MAIN STREET  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

**General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.**  
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

*Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices*

## General Presidency

**Y. W. M. I. A.**  
RUTH MAY FOX  
LUCY GRANT CANNON  
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY  
ELSIE HOGAN VAN NOV,  
*Secretary*



1. M. I. A. LEADERS IN OSLO, NORWAY.
2. M. I. A. BANQUET, OSLO, NORWAY.
3. REGISTRATION FOR KIDDERMINSTER M. I. A. CONFERENCE IN ENGLAND.
4. THOMAS I. WATKINS OF LEEDS—HIGH JUMP FOR M. I. A. MEN SPORTS MEET—ENGLAND.
5. TOWN HALL IN VICAR STREET, WHIT HOLIDAY.
6. LEADERS PARTICIPATING IN ENGLISH M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

REPORTS received from the stakes indicate that the Summer Recreation Program is being more generally participated in than at any time in the past. While stake reports are far from complete, those received are of a decidedly encouraging nature. Sunset services appear to be most popular of the new summer plans recommended for this year with Sunrise Services and Historical Pilgrimages next in the order named. Some of the high-lights of the reports received are as follows:

**Ogden Stake**—The various wards have conducted both Sunrise and Sunset Services; and an Outing at Washakie Indian Reservation for the Scouts; a ward Outing at Crystal Springs; a three-ward Outing in the mountains; a Sunset Service on a mountain top; a stake officers' Outing honoring Hyrum H. Goddard, the first Y. M. M. I. A. secretary; and Pioneer Day celebrations. In all, this one stake reports some 20 activities in one month.

**Deseret Stake**—An Outing took the form of an historical pilgrimage to interesting points in Millard County covering 60 miles with 80 people participating; Fathers and Sons' and Mothers and Daughters' Outings attracted 400 people; a Church activity campaign with special awards to the M. I. A. fostering the highest attendance at Priesthood Meeting, Sacrament Meetings and Sunday School attracted stake-wide attention. Pioneer day in Deseret as in many other stakes was the occasion of outstanding celebrations.

**Oquirrh Stake**—An annual stake outing with Mothers and Daughters' and Fathers and Sons' Outings; celebration of the 13th birthday of the stake; a stake flower festival in connection with the Quarterly Conference, and other events were conducted.

Other stakes report renewed activity in summer work. Most of the events being held are in the list recommended by the General Boards in the 1936 Summer Program. The reports indicate some outstanding success and wide-spread interest in practically all events.

## ORGANIZATION

THIS is a year for good organization in the M. I. A. As a result of the special efforts made last spring most stake and ward groups are complete and have functioned during the summer. However, there may still be a few

vacancies in some of our wards. Where these occur, officers are urged to fill them at once so that there may be a full corps of workers before the beginning of the winter season. No definite number of officers has been named in our requirements but there should be the four groups: executives and secretaries; directors of *Era* and publicity; directors in dancing, drama, and music—constituting the community activity committee; and the group of leaders for the various departments.

Up to the end of August Conventions, Conference-Conventions have been held in some thirty-three stakes. A fine spirit has characterized these gatherings. Officers have been eager to receive information and to cooperate in preparations for a bigger and better M. I. A. year. In the months that follow—September, October, November, and December—the rest of the stakes will be visited by members of the General Board, in these Conference-Conventions. It is urged that there be a complete attendance of all stake and ward workers. A greater attendance of secretaries is particularly desired.

#### AUTUMN SOCIAL

As the climax of the summer program and the rallying point for the gathering in of all the people to take up the intensive activities of the winter months, the Autumn Social becomes one of the outstanding features in the M. I. A. year.

As a preliminary to this event a canvas should be made of all possible members and names should be listed. On the evening of the Social they should be given a hearty welcome, and as far as possible made acquainted with all officers and members. The occasion should be a very happy one and take on the spirit of sociability. Much attention should be given to its preparation to assure a free, spontaneous mingling of all members, new and old.

#### Suggestions:

A preview of the year's work—a simple processional in which the manual studies, the cultural activities, and the reading course books are featured, would be effective.

**Floor Show Flashes**—These could be brief and snappy presentations by the various age groups. The following are suggested: Scouts—flag drill; Bee-Hive—demonstration of filling a cell; Explorers—dramatization of a code; Juniors—the singing of a class song; M Men-Gleaners—exhibition of original waltz and fox-trot routines; Seniors—a humorous story; Adults—ten minute debate, on the subject "Life Begins at Forty."

Light refreshments might be served.

Dancing with special features, such as dance mixers, is always socializing.

#### ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

The special feature for the program for 1936-37 is the M. I. A. Assembly



1 and 2. M. I. A. CONVENTION, BERLIN, GERMANY.  
3. ON THE COPENHAGEN FERRY, SWEDISH MISSION M. I. A. CONFERENCE.  
4. MISSIONARIES AT SWEDISH M. I. A. CONFERENCE.  
5. M. I. A. CONFERENCE, SWEDISH MISSION.  
6. SUMMER PROGRAM ACTIVITIES, SWEDISH M. I. A. CONFERENCE.  
7. M MEN-GLEANER BANQUET, BERLIN, GERMANY.

For this period programs are carefully outlined in the M. I. A. Guide. They are easy of adaptation to the needs of all groups, whether in large wards or small branches. One of the requisites, however, to their successful presentation is early preparation. The first one of these programs is a preview of all those to follow and, it is assumed, will be presented on September 22nd, the week following the Autumn Social. Long before that evening arrives the Community Activity Committee should have planned every detail and made all assignments. If this first program is presented well it will make for the success of all those that follow.

We urge Community Activity Committee members to read early the entire group of programs.

## JUNE CONFERENCES IN THE MISSIONS

STILL THEY come—reports and letters from the European Missions telling of the glorious Conventions held in the early summer. In the August *Era* considerable space was devoted to an account of these gatherings but the mails continue to bring us glowing messages of these events.

In England the conference convened at Kidderminster, its being the second annual nationwide youth conference of the British Mission. In Germany the event was called the "Echo of Joy" and took place in Berlin, the first meeting being held in one of the most prominent, luxurious assembly halls in that great city. In Sweden the event was held in the beautiful southern city of Malmö. In Switzerland they met in Frankfurt. Rotterdam was the city chosen for the convention in Holland.

We wish it were possible to print the entire reports of these conferences. The following are excerpts:

### From Germany—

"At the conclusion of a short but inspirational preliminary program, approximately two hundred and fifty M. Men and Gleaner Girls retired to the banquet hall and there jointly participated in a picturesque, carefully planned and eagerly accepted Gold and Green Banquet. Responses, elevating and sincere, were received from several of the district leaders of the Young Men's and Young Women's Organizations. The primary theme of the evening was The significance of the Mutual colors, green and gold, in the lives and aspirations of the M. I. A. workers and their association with the M. I. A. Theme for 1936-37.

"Sunday morning, May 31st, a large group of Saints assembled themselves in the capacity of a testimony meeting. The unusually fine spirit that prevailed was evidenced by the numerous and convincing testimonies of the divinity of the Gospel which were borne by members of the Church—the majority of whom were comparatively young in years—from all sections of Germany. Our only regret in this regard was the fact that the limited time of the meeting made it impossible for many in whom there rests a burning testimony,

to arise and express their gratitude and thanksgiving to God for such an occasion." . . . —Brigham Young.

### From Sweden—

"We want you to organize yourselves into associations for mutual improvement. In compliance to the will of that prophet, the youth and those somewhat more mature in age and experience, yet young in spirit, gathered together in the third annual June Conference of the M. I. A. in Sweden.

"The opening day of the Conference, June 23rd, found more than the expected number of participants present, necessitating the renting of a hall with a greater seating capacity than provided in the branch chapel.

"One of the outstanding events of the Conference was a tour of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. Bright and early June 24th, a group of delegates, nearing 150 in number, boarded the ferry for "Kopenhagen," and in less than two hours' time some of the more hungry "foreign" visitors were munching Danish "Smørrebrød" on the sidewalks of the Danish metropolis while on their way on foot to the beautiful L. D. S. chapel and recreation hall. Soon after the strollers were benched around the tables, finishing their tasty lunch, much to the enjoyment of the participants who had as yet had no breakfast.

"In attendance at the Conference, were representatives from California, Wyoming, England, and Denmark who were visiting in the country, besides 42 of our 53 missionaries, and Saints from the whole of Sweden. Among the guests was Sister Julia M. Brixen, a former General Board Member of the M. I. A., who is at present doing genealogical work in Sweden. She gave added zest and spirit to the Convention in her addresses."

### From England—

"Pocketed snugly in the midst of the Cotswold Hills of Worcestershire, England, lies the little town of Kidderminster, scene of the Second Annual Nation-wide Youth Conference of the British Mission M. I. A. Ever since the last convention, held during the Whitsun Holiday, 1935, the Saints in Great Britain had been saving their gigantic 'coppers' and anxiously glancing toward the calendar. Happily they thought of the day when they would be piling out of the train carriages onto the platform of Kidderminster's tiny railway station. Time passed, savings accounts grew and May 30, 1936, soon rolled around. \* \* \* \* \*

"Gold covered programs, with the seal of M. I. A. embossed in green, were given to each of the attendants. \* \* \*

"Sunday three sessions were held in the auditorium of the Town Hall. An average of 700 Saints and friends attended each of them, the seating capacity of the building being taxed to its limits.

"Whit Monday was set apart as recreation day. In the morning classes in recreational leadership were held. \* \* \*

"With the deep red glow of the setting sun pouring upon them as they stood on the steps of the Corn Exchange, the members of the Mission M. I. A. Boards bid Godspeed to all who attended the Conference. \* \* \*

"So Kidderminster passed into a dream. Now, pennies to be saved, days to be counted until—"

## Aaronic Priesthood

(Concluded from page 566)

ing the world in search of a plan for the betterment of youth he had a very interesting experience. He had visited the headquarters of several of the largest youth movements in America. In Berlin, he heard of Hitler's youth movement; in Italy, he learned what Mussolini's leaders were doing for their youth, but in London while talking to an international representative of the Y. M. C. A. he was told that if he wanted to get the best program for young men and young women he should by all means upon his return to America, visit Salt Lake City and get in touch with the Mormon program for its young people.

While action is necessary in other places—institutions, home, social groups—it is vital in the Church. The Church is fighting all of life's negative influences. It takes strong, vigorous, positive action to carry on the battle. In such a case of what value is a passive belief?

Good works are a requisite to salvation. Some people think that the necessity of works in connection with salvation detracts from the supremacy of God, and reflects the weakness of man. But a human being capable of helping God to consummate His purposes is a far greater credit to the Creator than one who needs continuous help. Some say that salvation is a free gift, requiring no action! But in schooling, we need to work to get an education in a free school. So the gift of salvation comes to those who make themselves worthy by obedience to the laws of the Giver. Only by our actions can we prove our devotion, fidelity, or loyalty to the principles we profess.

Edgar A. Guest has said:

I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one any day.

I'd rather one would walk with me, than merely show the way.

The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear,

Fine counsel is confusing, but example always clear.

And the best of all the preachers, are the men who live their creeds,

For to see good put in action is what everybody needs.

The lecture you deliver may be very wise and true,

But I'd rather get my lessons by observing what you do,

For I may misunderstand you, and the high advice you give,

But there's no misunderstanding, how you act and how you live.

Though an able speaker charms with his eloquence, I say

I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one any day.

May the Lord help us all to prove our allegiance to the Church by living the Gospel.

# MISSIONARY "ATTENTION GETTERS"

## BASKETBALL IN GERMANY

By MELVYN M. COWAN

*Of the German-Austrian Mission*



"THE MORMON BOYS ON THE DEFENSIVE"  
Extreme left: Charles J. Perschott, Salt Lake; immediate foreground (in black trunks): La Von Earl, American Fork.  
Guarding the "shooting" man: (left) Donald L. Snelaker, Thornton, Idaho; (right) Thomas J. Curtis, Salt Lake.  
Referee: Melvyn M. Cowan, Salt Lake.

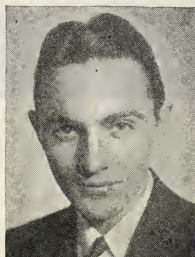
THE METHODS of approach utilized by the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in carrying the restored Gospel to the peoples of the world are as diverse and varied as the multiplicity of fields in which they labor. Each respective nation, section, sub-section, city, and rural district presents peculiar and particular problems and obstacles, that are to be surmounted by the enterprising activities of the Mormon missionaries.

In Great Britain and South Africa, baseball—championship baseball—has made untold hundreds of our friends living in these two sisters of the great Commonwealth "Mormon" conscious. The radio, one of the world's greatest advertising media today, has proved of inestimable worth in the destruction of prejudices and hatreds, born of falsehoods and ignorance, in our own United States.

And now in Germany's great and active "dritten Reich," "Mormonism" is being proclaimed in the wake of the basketball activities of the widely renowned and respected *Mormonen* quintet, because of the assistance that missionaries in various sections of Germany are lending in the introduction and instruction of this tremendously popular American game. In other words, Olympic enthusiasm is proselyting *Mormonism*.

Perhaps no nation in the world to-

THE OLD TRUTHS ARE STILL THE SAME, BUT MISSIONARIES FIND THAT NEW WAYS MUST BE ADOPTED TO BRING THEM TO THE ATTENTION OF BUSY, INDIFFERENT PEOPLE. HERE IS THE STORY OF ONE NEW METHOD THAT WAS PROJECTED SUCCESSFULLY SEVERAL MONTHS AGO IN GERMANY.



MELVYN M. COWAN

day is more "sports-minded" than Germany because of the Olympic games of 1936. Interest in athletics has achieved undreamed of proportions. The great appeal of two of America's leading sports, basketball and baseball, had—up until recently—completely failed to extend, to any great degree, into the hearts of the Continental sportsmen. Today, thanks to the influence of the Olympics, it is coming into its own! Germany is playing basketball!

The story associated with the introduction of the "Casaba" sport among the Germans links up very definitely with the work which is being performed by the Latter-day Saint missionaries of the German-Austrian Mission. Many of the particularly adept Mormon boys have attained considerable promi-

nence and recognition for the assistance and instruction they have extended various German organizations in acquiring a playing knowledge of the rules and fundamentals of the court game.

Some time ago, a group of Mormon missionaries who had been playing basketball once a week in Berlin as a means of worth-while diversion, was approached by representatives of the German Olympic Association and invited to assist in the organization and instruction of likely candidates for the German Olympic Basketball team. The opportunity was accepted with pleasure, with the result that the American boys were the recipients of generous nation-wide newspaper publicity. Later two of the Berlin missionaries, Charles E. Skidmore (Logan, Utah) and H. Bowman Hawks (Ogden, Utah) spent considerable time at the official Olympic training camp serving as coaches and trainers for the prospective team.

The movement inaugurated in Berlin soon spread into other sections of Germany, being received with particular enthusiasm by the Gera division of the German National Confederation of Athletics. There Elders Blythe M. Gardner (Richfield, Utah) and Morrel Ashby, (American Fork, Utah) were called upon by several athletic associations to provide, at the expense of these organizations, necessary

equipment and to undertake the schooling of interested members in the science and technicalities of basketball.

The two young Mormon coaches presented their proteges for the first time in an exhibition game as part of a week's sport program devoted to the development of the Olympic Games. The spectators, as well as the participants in the game, were delighted with the skill, speed, and accuracy which the new sport demanded. The ultimate result was that preliminary arrangements for a game between the "Mormon five" from Berlin and an "all-star" Gera team were immediately concluded, with Elder David E. Wright (Ogden, Utah) and officials of the National Federation of Athletics and of the (National Socialists Entertainment Association), "Kraft durch Freude,"\* acting as representatives of the respective groups.

A SATURDAY in November of 1935 was fixed as the day for the eagerly anticipated contest. No methods were spared in an effort to publicize the coming event: innumerable articles appeared in the sport columns of all of Gera's leading newspapers regarding the personnel of the Mormon team, explanations of the game, and progress of the "all-star" quint in the course

\*The literal translation of "Kraft Durch Freude" is: "Strength Through Joy."

of its diligent training preparations; announcements of the game were carried, via radio, into all of the surrounding towns, the most prominent of which is Leipzig—one of Germany's largest and most popular cities; and thousands of handbills were printed and mailed to all of the party-members living in the section. Gera and the surrounding territory awaited with eagerness the arrival of the American athletes, and elaborate preparations were made to afford them a most hearty welcome.

The Mormon team consisted of the following missionaries; Elders David E. Morrell (Ogden, Utah), captain and guard; H. Bowman Hawks (Ogden, Utah), center; Charles Perschon (Salt Lake) center; Alma LaVon Earl (American Fork, Utah), guard; Donald L.



ELDERS DAVID E. WRIGHT, OGDEN, UTAH (EXTREME LEFT), AND BLYTHE M. GARDNER, RICHFIELD, UTAH (RIGHT CENTER) SHOWN WITH TWO OF GERA'S GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS WITH WHOM THEY COOPERATED IN INTRODUCING BASKETBALL INTO THAT CITY.

Snedeker (Thornton, Idaho), forward; Jerome J. Christiansen (Salt Lake), forward; and Thomas J. Curtis (Salt Lake), forward. They arrived in Gera Friday afternoon and were the recipients of some typically German hospitality! The team was heartily greeted by a personal representative of the mayor of the city of Gera, who extended the "key of the city" to the Mormon boys amidst the favorable applause of the curiously interested throngs. Captain Morrell was then called upon to say a few words of acknowledgment in behalf of the members of the squad. At the conclusion of the welcoming ceremonies, the players were escorted to their splendid hotel in a large bus. Later in the afternoon, the Mormon boys—together with several of the other missionaries from the surrounding fields, who were in to lend moral and vocal support to their brethren athletes—were treated to a splendid sight-seeing trip of Gera and the vicinity.

At 8:15 p. m. the Mormon boys, handsomely attired in navy-blue



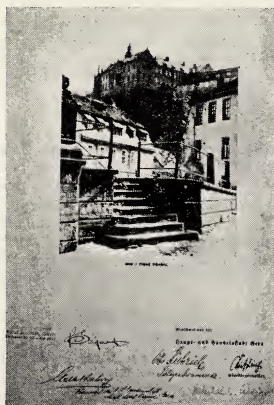
REAR VIEW OF THE "MORMON" QUINTET SHOWING THE PROMINENTLY BLOCKED-WORD "MORMONEN" DISPLAYED ON THE BACK OF THEIR ATTRACTIVE SWEAT-SUITS.

sweat-shirts, bearing the large block-letter word *Mormonen* prominently displayed in white across the back, trotted onto the finely equipped floor amidst the enthusiastic applause of several hundred spectators. The ease and grace with which they handled the "old apple" in the warm-up, invited a constant murmur of favorable comment. It might be well to add that it is very doubtful if one ever experienced a thrill at the appearance of his Alma Mater quintet comparable to that which a small group of missionary and Church member spectators derived from such an unforgettable event on this particular night in far-off Germany.

After an enthusiastic welcome at the hands of Herr Seifert, head of the Gera division of the German National Confederation of Athletics, the respective teams marched to the center of the floor and, as is customary today in Germany, saluted each other with outstretched hands and a vigorous "Seig Heil!" Referee for the evening, Melvyn M. Cowan (Salt Lake), was then introduced to the audience; teams were called into position; the referee's whistle shrieked, two vying centers leaped into the air, and the game was under way!

The final results are history! After fifty minutes of breakneck speed, intensive contest, and unsurpassable sportsmanship, which kept the spectators in a perpetual frenzy of excitement, the game ended in the favor of the Mormon five by the score of 27-21. The prowess of the German team in an entirely new sport, however, attested to the unquestionable competency of its two missionary coaches, David E. Wright (Ogden, Utah) and Donald E. Driggs (Salt Lake), and of the original organizer of the squad, Elder Gardner.

After the excitement attending



REPLICA OF THE DOCUMENTS WHICH WERE PRESENTED TO THE MISSIONARY PLAYERS, COACHES, AND REFEREE, BY A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MAYOR OF GERA, AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND APPRECIATION. THIS PARTICULAR DOCUMENT, BEARING THE SIGNATURES OF MANY OF GERA'S LEADING GOVERNMENTAL AND PARTY OFFICIALS, WAS PRESENTED TO ELDER BLYTHE M. GARDNER AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS DILIGENCE AND FAITHFULNESS IN THE INTRODUCTION OF THE SPORT IN THAT CITY.

## CHURCH MUSIC INSTITUTES ANNOUNCED

the conclusion of the play had subsided somewhat, the American players, the referee, and the Gera missionary coaches were called once again to the center of the floor, were congratulated by the official representative of the mayor, and were presented with attractive documents, bearing the signature of the mayor, as tokens of appreciation and gratitude from the city of Gera.

AS A FITTING and worthwhile conclusion to the night's entertainment, Elder Wright conducted an interesting illustrated lecture dealing with Utah's renowned National parks, after which some fifteen hundred tracts, concerning various phases of the Gospel, were distributed among interested spectators as they left the sport-hall. The evening was a success, and inestimable missionary work had been accomplished! "Mormonism" had become a word of esteem and respect in Gera!

Largely as a result of the conspicuous activities of the missionary basketball team in Berlin, an amateur league consisting of several teams has recently been organized in that city. The *Mormons* were regarded as the most potential contenders for the title, and each victory means another notable step towards popularizing our message and overcoming indifference and opposition. At the same time, the German nation is benefited in a particular way in that the "Mormon boys," both directly and indirectly, assisted her to prepare for the 1936 Olympics.

But even more significant—a new means has been provided whereby the Gospel of Jesus Christ can be preached by words and actions, to the youth of a nation—a youth less available, perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, than at any other period since the establishment of the Church in Germany.



HOW TO PLAY SUITABLE SACRAMENT MUSIC WAS THE SUBJECT OF THIS PARTICULAR PIPE ORGAN CLASS, CONDUCTED LAST SEASON BY TRACY Y. CANNON AS ONE PHASE OF THE CHURCH MUSIC INSTITUTES WHICH ARE NOW BEING EXPANDED TO CHURCH-WIDE SCOPE.

OVER twelve hundred organists and choristers from the wards and stakes are expected to be enrolled by November 1st in a new series of Church Music Institutes, according to an announcement by Elder Melvin J. Ballard, Chairman of the Church Music Committee.

A special appropriation by the First Presidency makes possible the giving of special training to Church musicians, with the cost of instruction to be shared jointly by the local wards, stakes, and by the Church as a whole. Separate courses for organists and choir directors are planned, similar to the first institute concluded last spring at the McCune School of Music and Art, Salt Lake City.

Classes will meet one evening each week for a term of twenty-five weeks, except in some rural areas where the work will be condensed to two-hour

periods for a term of twelve weeks. The staff of more than a dozen special instructors met in June for a three day teacher's institute.

As rapidly as it can be organized the work will be taken into all sections of the Church. Tentative plans call for establishment this fall of teaching centers in Provo, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Garland and Logan, Utah; while in Idaho it is hoped to inaugurate classes in Rexburg, Idaho Falls, Burley, Pocatello and Preston. Instructions for registration are now being sent to bishoprics and stake presidencies in these areas.

An illustrated bulletin describing the new institutes has just been issued by the Church Music Committee and copies may be obtained by addressing Tracy Y. Cannon, Director, McCune School of Music and Art, 200 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Landmarks in the Netherlands Mission

(Concluded from page 547)

and parents had never accepted the Gospel.

To my great happiness, and to the surprise of Mr. de Jong, the old house was still standing. One of the red-brick walls—the one on the north side—had collapsed, and the workmen whom Mr. de Jong had thought had demolished the house had merely rebuilt the wall

and given the house a new roof of thatch. Other than this necessary restoration, the small red-brick house still stands almost exactly as it did when the rays of Gospel truth first penetrated to the hearts of its tenants seventy-five years ago.

An invitation has been received from the present residents of the old house to come and hold a meeting within its historic walls again. What is more important than this invitation, is the fact that we have been requested by the present tenants to come and explain the truths of the

Restored Gospel to them, just as the first valiant missionary, Anne W. van der Woude did to his brother and sister-in-law three-quarters of a century ago.

It is planned to erect a stone marker at the site where the first baptisms in this land were performed, and to place a bronze plaque on the gable of the little Frisian farmhouse, that these sites might be remembered and become places of pilgrimage for those who wish to keep alive the story of this important event.

## THE JOURNAL OF ARCHER WALTERS

(Concluded from page 545)

Sheem from Herefordshire Conference was confined  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 o'clock this morning of a son. My wife very poorly and we all feel no great shakes, the diet being so different and cooking so badly managed, having only the ship allowance,—no preserves, butter, cheese, ham, as a many have, but thank God we shall by His blessing get through.

18TH

Sailing slowly. Rations served out. A better allowance of sugar. All very well this morning for which I am thankful. From 1200 to 1300 miles from Boston. The ship has rocked since 1 o'clock this morning—upset water bottles—and is still rocking up to 12 o'clock. A beautiful fine day; wind blowing east. Have seen no ships for some days. Have as much bone as beef today. Hope to be in Boston next week at this time. Meeting below deck and some council and instruction by the Elders. Ship sailing very fast.

19TH

Sleep well all night. The ship still sailing very fast. Wind changed about 10 o'clock and not sailing so fast. Some hard feeling with Sister Parker and my wife about the children. Better suffer wrong is my council to my wife. We are all well and I feel truly thankful to my Heavenly Father.

SUNDAY 20TH

Beautiful morning. Ship going slowly. Sister Leasly was talking and I asked her if she was not restored to health by the power of God and she said she was for she went on deck very sick and fell back on her head and was brought to her bed but was soon better after the Elders had laid their hands on her. About 950 miles from Boston 12 o'clock. The saints are more united and a better spirit is amongst the whole of us. My wife quite well. Had to sing "cuckoo" and my song at the request of the Captain last night. Meeting held on deck. Bro. Galaway spoke on obedience to the Gospel. Bro. Leonard gave us a brief history of his mission and Pres. Ferguson spoke upon cleanliness and a committee appointed called the "louse committee." Singing until 11 o'clock by Mrs. McAllison Co. Ship sailing fast.

21ST

Cloudy morn. All out of bed

soon and our clothing all looked to if clean. . . . A ship. The pilot wanted to go back to Liverpool. It could not take him. 798 miles from Boston. 12 o'clock.

22ND

Wet day. Sewing and making tents. My wife and Sarah sewing. Ship rocked. The sailors all cleaning the ship. Expect to be in on Saturday.

23RD

Wet morning. Ship sailing about 6 knots. Sarah not very willing to rise. Singing, shouting and laughing until nearly 12 o'clock.

24TH

Last night went on watch  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7 until 11 o'clock. Very cold night and the coldest day that has been since on board the ship.

25TH

Very cold morning. A child died at 4 o'clock the son of Sister ..... from ..... Conference. 12 o'clock the ship still. Quite a calm. The little boy committed to the deep. Bro. Ferguson spoke before the plank was drawn. Quite a solemn time to the children and parents as well; indeed all sailors looked straight down their noses.

26TH

Wind blowing north and we have been going fast since 11 o'clock last night.

27TH

Ship still sailing well. Provisions served out. Expect to see land tomorrow.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a lb. of pork each no rice nor peas. A very cold day indeed.

28TH

Quite a calm morning. Very cold. Wind got up and continued to blow until night. General meeting below in middle hatchway. Some good instructions. A brother wanted to sell his passage and to stop at Boston. Good council how to act when we landed at Boston and no blessing to any that disregarded that council. A vote of thanks to the Captain for his kindness towards us for he had been very kind to all and made us as comfortable as he could; and also a vote of thanks to our Pres. Bro. Ferguson, Councilors and Pres. of wards, and all who took any active part. Signed our bonds to Boston. Went on watch  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7 until 11

o'clock. Harriet was sick and very poorly time of meeting.

29TH

Harriet much better. Quite a calm morning and a deal warmer. They say about 50 miles from Boston. All look cheerful and happy. Some few sick but hope all will be able to go forward when we land.

30TH

A very fine morning and the Captain and crew rather troubled about a buoy being in a place they never saw before and he hoists a flag for a pilot. Spoke to a fisherman and found plenty of water and only 15 miles from Boston. A pilot soon came on board. We soon anchored on quarantine, 9 o'clock in the evening, 3 or 4 miles from Boston. A general meeting below deck and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for His protecting care over us while many perish on the sea at the same time.

MAY 1ST

Landed at Boston Constitution Wharf. Ladies came to visit us and sent oranges for the children. New Testament to all heads of families and many little cards and books to the children.

2ND

Band played, songs, etc. Left Boston for New York and arrived at New York May 2nd. Went to see George Mayland and he was very kind to us.

(To be Continued)

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## SAILING SHELTERED SEAS

(Concluded from page 542)

ing for the pageant. Yellow bed spreads were the curtains, but they had been roped to open and close perfectly. The sagebrush which had been brought from Utah, covered the footlights and its familiar odor transported us back home. Then in story, in song, and in picture we saw the coming of the Pioneers, the Birth of Irrigation, the Respect for the United States and Her Flag, the Conquest of the Crickets by the Gulls, Scenes in Pioneer Homes, Marking a Lonely Grave on the Trail, Rachel Ivins Grant and her small son, and President Grant and his wife with his daughters around them.

As our program stated, it was truly "the story of truth-loving people who sought religious freedom in desert wastes and built a commonwealth," and a deeply moved audi-

ence viewed with keen appreciation these pictures of the past.

The next morning after the pageant, one of the ladies who had witnessed it said to some of us: "I have a confession to make. All during this trip I have resented the deference paid Mr. Grant; but after hearing of his struggles in youth, of how he came up from poverty, and after realizing the faith that has made possible the accomplishments of your people, I must tell you of my changed attitude. I could not keep back the tears as I saw that pageant."

THE LAST day of the trip was warm. We shed our coats and joined in the tournaments of deck sports. We all became autograph collectors. Only nine days, but so many fine, new friends! I tried to

sharpen my memory to record more clearly the joy and beauty of the cruise. I stood at the rear rail to take one last beauty bath in the blue. Never had I seen such marvelous shades as were mirrored from the sky in the glistening, moving path our boat had made, with its background of range upon range of transparent mountains. Goodbye Alaska, till we meet again.

Ever again in my dreaming  
I'm sailing the sheltered seas  
And hearing the tale of Alaska  
Told by the whispering breeze.—Gilman.

I thought with pleasure of the evenings we girls had crowded into father's cabin, and how he, with really too much daughtery assistance, had dictated his journal. Had any family ever had such a wonderful trip! Had any girls such a father!

## THE RELIGION OF THE PIUTES

(Continued from page 537)

## V. TOBATS AND SHINOB—THE SUPREME BEINGS

IT MAY BE surprising to learn that the spirits and witches and gnomes and deified animals I have spoken about are not regarded with any special reverence by the natives. I have elaborated upon them because, in the popular mind, they are the *summa summarum* of Indian religion. The fact is that little pertaining to them is held sacred. They are recognized, in a way, as phantom forces that may hamper or help mankind over the journey of life, and therefore, it is well to indulge them and placate them with various arts and sacrifices. It is also well to wheedle out of them their mysterious secrets. The gods whom the Piute really worships, the gods to whom he looks with reverential awe, are *Tobats* and *Shinob*. A multiplicity of spirits and devils may pursue him, and hamper him, and at times almost triumph in their efforts to encompass his downfall, but when the red man comes to the brink of destruction and there is nothing more he can do for himself, he sends *e-awk-i*, his great distress cry, to *Tobats* and *Shinob*, the gods who planted him on earth. These are his supreme beings.

*Tobats* and *Shinob* are brothers.

They live together at *Tobats-khan*, a great cave the location of which is unknown. *Tobats* is the great Creator. He is the *Master Builder*, and every creation of his hand is strong and enduring. He has little interest in retouching and beautifying his handiwork. All this he leaves to *Shinob*. *Shinob* is artful and tender. He loves beauty. He puts color in the flowers, warmth in the sunshine, song in the throats of the birds and love in the heart of man. *Tobats* and *Shinob* work harmoniously together, each transcendent in his own field. These are the deities in whom the Piute religion centers.

Stories of divine interposition by these two in times of danger and want are numerous. Whenever the people have sent up the distress cry, *Tobats* and *Shinob* have come to their relief. The famous sun dance and the snake dance commemorate such deliverances.

The Piutes have a clear tradition as to why their fathers left their cave dwellings and became nomadic. The story is that once their fathers built their homes in the caves but occupied them only in winter or in times of invasion. They stored their foods and supplies in their cave houses. In summer they lived on

the nearby streams and raised corn, squash, and beans. There came a long period of drouth such as geologists tell us have prevailed over the arid West, and each year the streams dwindled until finally they dried up. As the drouth continued from year to year, crops grew lighter and lighter until finally there was total failure. The game, too, had gone out of the country and the Indians faced certain death from starvation. In their dire extremity they gathered together on the top of a high mountain and for three days and nights sent *e-awk-i*, their distress cry, to *Tobats* and *Shinob*. Their prayer was answered. *Shinob* came and told them to learn a lesson from *tuee*, the deer, and *weechich* the birds. "The country," said he, "is large and somewhere there is always food." So, leaving their cavern homes, the Indians became nomadic, following the game from high land to low and gathering in gratitude the food which the gods distributed over the land.

## VI. CONCLUSION

THE PIUTES are, perhaps, Uncle Sam's most primitive tribe. He has concerned himself least about

(Concluded on page 576)

## The Religion of the Piutes

(Concluded from page 575)

them. They adhere largely to their old tribal beliefs and religious customs. There has been practically no proselyting by the Christian churches among them. Upon the older men and women, in this regard, the white man's influence has wrought but little change. There are still among these Indians aged persons who cannot frame a sentence in English. It is this class that I have sought out in my efforts to bridge four score years of time and get behind the white man's influence upon the red man's character and faith. What did you do? What did you think and believe? How did you live before the white man came? Those have been my constant queries. I have penetrated some distance behind that time screen and with increased respect for the native intelligence of the American Indian. Most people regard the Piutes as a stupid, stolid, unimaginative race without legend, story, or vision, and with no ambition other than to fill their stomachs and lie down to sleep. This is not my observation. The Indians I have known possess a wealth of legend and story, and their hearts and souls are as delicately strung as the white man's.

To many students the Indian religion is, as a concrete concept, non-existent. His religious impulses, they say, are expressed in no organized formula. He is beset by fears of the evil that always surrounds him. His spiritual concepts are couched in a mass of childish superstitions which have no tribal focus or center. Surrounded by myriads of spirits, gods, and devils all seeking to dominate him, he yet acknowledges no ultra-supreme being to whom he owes unvarying devotion. Through this maze of spiritual confusion the red man is supposed to thread his timid and uncertain way. Such conclusions are the result of inadequate investigation. True the Piute world is filled with the spirits of good men and spirits of bad, with witches, ghosts, gnomes, devils, and gods both carnate and incarnate, but far beyond and above this veritable cloud of jostling spiritual influences and animistic forces stand *Tobats* and *Shinob*, the brother gods, transcendent in omnipotent glory.

## CUTHBERT STEPS OUT

(Continued from page 543)

freshments bolted, he returned to the rites of the toilet, and three minutes later his injured tones again brought his mother up standing.

"Good Friday, Mother, haven't you got a shoe spoon to your name? I've dumped everything in these drawers out onto the bed, and nary a shoe spoon!"

"Gee, I wish I'd a-started up the old bus before I dolled up!" he complained, limping out into the dining room when the shoe horn had been duly produced and, with great mental and physical agony on the part of his mother and himself, his abundant supply of feet had been packed into the new shoes purchased for this important occasion.

"What!" exclaimed his father, displaying his first interest in the proceedings, "You're not taking that thing, are you? I doubt Mr. and Mrs. Wards' trusting Helen's life to that contraption."

"Good Friday, Dad, a guy couldn't be expected to walk 'way out to the Church hall, could he? Specially in these shoes! Besides, she ain't in any more danger than I am, is she? And anyways, maybe she has new shoes, too!"

"There should be a law—" began his mother, but his father interrupted, "What would they call it if they tried to pass a law against it? A dinosaur or a—" but his satire was lost, for while he vainly tried to think of some other prehistoric monster to which to liken his son's darling, Cuthbert had disappeared.

A moment later he was back, preceded by a shout of horror. "Good Friday, Mother! Look at these pants! That fool Touz! He'd been wading in the mud, too!"

That was evident. Two large, muddy paw marks adorned the front of the white flannels. With a deep sigh, his mother pushed away her untouched dessert and rose. "Take them off and I'll try to clean them while you start your car," she said, resignedly.

So, picturesquely garbed in white shirt, tie and modish blue coat as to top story, with nothing but brief percale shorts on his long, gangling legs, Cuthbert again vanished. Immediately, a terrific snorting and heaving ensued, followed by a steady, deafening roar and presently, Cuthbert, rather less immac-

ulate, appeared, beaming. "She's running pretty as a bird, tonight!" he announced, jubilantly. "Now, Mum, for the breeches!"

His mother kissed him fondly. "You look so nice, dear. Now, remember to be nice to Helen, and please, dear, be careful with that car!"

AT SIGHT of the merry milling mob, at sound of the gay talk and laughter, all to the accompaniment of loud syncopated music, Cuthbert experienced a strange, sinking sensation in the region of his stomach. "I ought to have eaten my supper," he muttered, though he knew full well that hunger was not the cause of his discomfort. He knew this feeling. He always had it before going swimming for the first time in the spring.

The only cure was to plunge, without time for thought, into the icy water. He grasped Helen's arm. "Well, let's start. Might as well get it—might as well get going!" "I must take off my wrap!" Helen said, annoyed. But presently she was ready, and with mingled emotions they launched themselves upon the slippery floor. Cuthbert, frowning prodigiously, planted his warm, moist hand firmly in the middle of Helen's back. He remembered his mother's instruction that his hand must not slither aimlessly up and down. Far from it! Helen, giggling nervously, thought of a mustard plaster her grandmother had once placed on her back during an attack of influenza, but fortunately, neither of them knew how very

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## Cuthbert Steps Out

large and black Cuthbert's paw looked in the midst of her pale pink ruffles.

Cuthbert, indeed, had no time nor inclination to think of appearances, he was dancing! With an air of do or die he was relentlessly shoving Helen around the floor in time to the music.

Two ideas filled his mind. He must not fall down and he must not let his feet get stepped on. For the new shoes hurt! Hurt? What a feeble word! Blinking sardonically in the light reflected from their polished surfaces, they were deliberately killing him! Murderers, that's what they were! Those gorgeous patent leathers he had been so proud of! Was it only this morning he had said proudly that his feet were as large as Dad's, now? Why, they were at least twice as large! Why, if both these shoes could be got onto one foot—no, he didn't mean that—if these shoes were exactly twice this big they wouldn't be enough!

Good Friday! Were they going to play that tune all night? Didn't they know enough's enough of anything? Couples were dancing by, laughing and talking. Cuthbert wondered dimly how they could do it. Tubby slid past with a strange girl. At least, Cuthbert had a vague sense that she was strange. Their faces were a mere blur of teeth and glistening eyes to his tortured vision. Tubby said something, but Cuthbert failed to catch it. He didn't have time for talking anyway, he was dancing.

"The music's good tonight, isn't it?" Helen gasped. Cuthbert stopped. Several couples jogged into them.

"What say?" he demanded.

Here was Tubby again, "Move on!" he hissed, "What you camped for?"

Doggedly, Cuthbert recommenced his relentless pushing. There, I stepped on her toe! Serves her right, he thought, savagely, stopping to talk when a guy's trying to dance! Mercifully, the music with a final groan, expired. As one late to a fire, Cuthbert began to march Helen toward a seat. Several people smiled in their vicinity and the smiles were directed mockingly toward Cuthbert and herself.

"Look," Helen whispered, with an agonized clutch at his arm, "Look at the others!"

(Continued on page 578)

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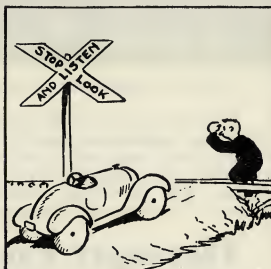
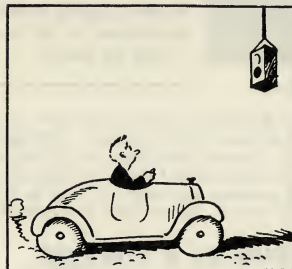
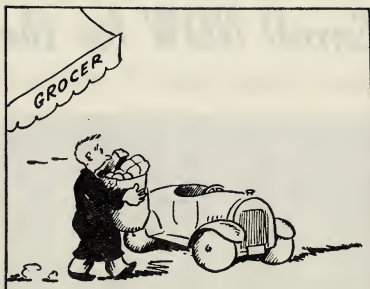
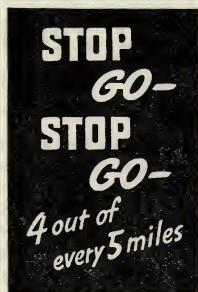
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## Cuthbert Steps Out

(Continued from page 577)

Cuthbert looked. The couples were standing at ease, the gentlemen politely encoring. Cuthbert paused in his mad flight and reluctantly followed suit. So it was that kind of a dance. Well, that was better than one where they cut in. He couldn't have borne to dance a dame around that insisted on talking. Helen hadn't tried a second remark. And now to think it was all to do over again! Hogs for punishment was what he called them!

WHEN it was really over Cuthbert escaped to the balcony, where he could sit down and groan in peace. Should he chance taking off his shoes? He knew of a kid once that took off his shoes at a Sunday School picnic because they hurt and couldn't get them on again, his feet spread out so, and he had to go home in his socks. But Cuthbert felt he must try it. Just for a minute. "One little minute," he moaned, feeling in his pocket for the shoe horn. Not there! He remembered now. He had been afraid it would show. He could never get them on again without the horn. What could he do? Maybe if he stood on his head—

Into this scene of torture pranced Tubby, unbearably happy, and walking with the greatest of ease.

"Hey, Coppy! Oh, there you are! Thought I saw you come out here! What's the matter, hiding from the law or something? Say, listen, Cop," he rushed on, not waiting for an answer, "There's a new girl in there wants to meet you. You saw me dancing with her, didn't you? Well, did you?"

"I dono," mumbled Cuthbert, forced to speak, "I didn't see nothin'. I was dancing."

"Well, she saw you, anyway. Guess what she said?"

Cuthbert grunted.

"She said, 'Who's the cute boy with the ears?' Honest, can you beat it? And then do you know what she said? She said, 'I bet you could lift him right off the floor by those ears!'" He paused for Cuthbert's appreciative response to all this wit and not getting it continued hopefully. "And do you know what I said?" Cuthbert refused to guess. "I said, 'Not on your life you couldn't! His feet are too heavy!'"

He laughed loudly at this brilliant repartee and goaded beyond endurance, Cuthbert growled, "Some folks

## CUTHBERT STEPS OUT

ruther have big feet than a big stomach, anyway, some folks—"

"Well, let's don't get personal," Tubby interposed, hastily, "I figured on you kinda helping me get this girl started here. She's going to stay with the Warners. She'll be around with our crowd a lot. Her name's—"

"I don't give a hoot what her name is!" shouted Cuthbert, desperately. "Look here, didn't you say I had to dance three times with Helen?"

"Well, that's my system. Your partner gets the first dance and then along about the middle of the evening and then of course, the home waltz. Of course, if she's a nifty number you can dance with her as often as she'll let you!"

"Well, then take away your new girl. I'm all dated up."

"What do you mean, three dances your limit?"

"I'm savin' my strength," muttered Cuthbert.

"I never noticed Helen was so hard to dance with," said Tubby, displeased, "I kinda like—"

"Oh, Helen's all right!" Cuthbert assured him, hastily, "It's me. I—I ain't feeling so good this evening." Not for the world would he have mentioned his feet to Tubby. He would never have heard the last of it. "I couldn't eat any supper," he added, pathetically.

"Oh, that so?" This was touching Tubby in a sympathetic spot. He could imagine lots of catastrophes, but not a guy deliberately going without supper unless he was very sick, indeed. "Well, no wonder you don't act natural. I'll tell Aline. She'll understand." Subdued in the presence of such obvious suffering, he silently withdrew.

Like the fabled Spartan youth, Cuthbert went through the rest of the dance with stoic courage. Twice more he pushed Helen grimly about the ball room floor on feet that felt like all the boils in the world condensed and poured into two red hot shoes too small to hold them, while the orchestra maliciously played for endless hours to mock his misery. If Helen spoke, he stared at her distractedly from pain-glazed eyes and doggedly continued to dance.

After their second dance it transpired that they were serving cake and ice cream in the Relief Society room, and thither limped Cuthbert, steering Helen by an arm. He had rather got the habit of pushing

Helen around and holding to even so slight an object as her arm helped his feet a little. But the fate which had hounded poor Cuthbert all evening accompanied them, and grinning impishly presently ushered Tubby and the new girl friend to the little table where they sat.

"Well, if it ain't the boy himself!" shouted Tubby, beaming. "Lo Helen! You know Aline. Copy, I want you to meet Miss Webster!"

Miss Webster was a buxom, smiling girl and as she edged into the seat by Cuthbert and held out her hand she planted a spike heel solidly on his toes.

"Ouch!" yelled Cuthbert, in voice that fixed all attention on him, and the large spoonful of ice cream he had been conveying to his mouth, slid glacially down Helen's neck as she leaned around to speak to the newcomers.

THE SNORTING and roaring of his car was welcome music to Cuthbert's ears and a happy change from the best efforts of the orchestra. Never again was he to hear some of the most popular dance tunes of the day, without a reminiscent shudder of pain creeping down his spine to his very toes—especially to his toes. But now the ordeal was behind him he was almost happy as they chugged along toward Helen's home. He felt kindly toward Helen and a little remorseful, for something told him it would be a long, long time before he took her to another dance.

Tubby's various nuggets of advice began coming back to his mind, now the strain was practically over. You must be sure to make another date before you left. So, when Helen turned at the steps to say goodnight, he firmly edged past her onto the piazza, though she would never know at what a sacrifice to his natural inclinations.

"W—won't you sit down?" asked Helen, uncertainly, seeing he had no immediate intention of going. And when he had sunk, sighing, onto the porch swing, she seated herself reluctantly in a wicker rocker.

They sat in silence for some time. Cuthbert was gingerly experimenting—pressing his feet to the floor, then letting them swing free. They felt worse both ways. Helen patted back a yawn. Presently he noticed the silence. "A pretty good hop, what'd you say?"

"Yes, it was a good dance," agreed Helen, primly.

"Yes, a pretty good old jam-boree," corroborated Cuthbert, with  
(Concluded on page 580)

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## CUTHBERT STEPS OUT

(Concluded from page 579)

false enthusiasm. Helen yawned again, and unconsciously he followed suit. Then they sat in silence for another eon while he tenderly held one foot in his hand. Just wait! Just wait! If he ever got these shoes off—he awoke to his social obligations and jumped guiltily. "Well, it was a pretty good—" Good Friday, he'd said that twice! He gazed wildly around for inspiration. "Moon's sure bright tonight. I sure like to watch the moon and the stars at night, don't you?"

"I'd rather sleep at night," said Helen, tartly. She yawned again, this time with no effort at concealment.

"Good Friday, how wide she can open her mouth!" thought Cuthbert, amazed. "It looks so little when it's shut! Well, I gotta go, I don't care whether it's polite or not!"

He got carefully to his feet. "Well, I better be milling along—"

"Good-night!" said Helen, instantly springing to her feet with the first animation she had shown for some time.

"Good-night and thanks!" he started down the walk. Help! the date! He hadn't made it! Gamely he limped back. Helen, who was at the door, turned back slowly. "Say, what—what you going to do tomorrow?"

"Sleep. A lot of it!" said Helen, promptly.

"So am I!" said Cuthbert, eagerly. "And when I'm not sleeping I'm going to eat—I never had any supper!" he added plaintively.

Helen was unmoved at this touching confidence. "I never do, when I'm going to a dance or something, I'm too excited."

This was incomprehensible to Cuthbert so he ignored it and went on with his own happy plans, en-

tirely forgetting the date again. "And then I'm going to—" he started to say, "run around barefoot," but a guy must have some dignity so he substituted "work on my car!"

"Good-night!" said Helen, loudly and decisively, and turned away again. Then hesitating, she called "Do you have to—couldn't you leave your car here and come and get it in the morning? I'm afraid it will wake Mother and Father."

"Oh, no, I'm afraid not!" protested Cuthbert, earnestly. "You see, there's a special reason I gotta have it home early in the morning, or I would. But I don't think it will wake them," he added, optimistically. "she's not very noisy tonight. She's running pretty as a bird!"

"Well, good-night!" said Helen, with emphasis and disappeared indoors.

Cuthbert's howl of pain as he extracted his feet from the imprisoning shoes was drowned in the roar of his starting motor. "Next time I go to a dance, I won't; I'll just send you!" he gritted viciously, throwing the offending footgear violently to the floor of the car. "And you!" and the second followed.

"Boy! I forgot to get another date, like Tubby said!" he thought, appalled, a moment later. "Well, for Pete's sake, how much does a girl expect? Isn't there any satisfying them? I'm not going back and ask her if she never speaks to me again! Just let me get into sneakers again! Just let me! Why, if I ever get sneakers on these feet again and a good supper under my belt, I don't care if I'm a Social Success, like Tubby talks about so much, or not! I don't care if I never even see another girl till I'm seventy-five!" And he roared on happily through the night.

## PRELUDE TO LIVING

(Continued from page 563)

who was already county attorney. Tall, broad-shouldered, there was a zest for living apparent in every line of his strong body, in the level blue eyes and the carriage of his head. During the long winter months, amateur theatricals, skating, skiing, tobogganing, and dancing had been enjoyable diversions. Stan had been just one of the crowd at first, but soon the friendly curious people saw

that Miss Harris and Stan were "going together."

IT HAD been such fun to teach the roomful of eager bubbling little people after the first clutching terror of strangeness had worn off. Of course there had been much hard work, moments of despair, of worry whether she was starting them out properly on the long road stretching

## PRELUDE TO LIVING

ahead. She had discovered a heart-tugging joy to be liked by small children.

It was no less fun to be liked by Stan. Though she pretended even to herself it didn't matter whether the telephone rang, but when it did, and Mrs. Anderson called out significantly, "For you, Leone," the rush of gladness that surged through her as she took the receiver up ever so casually and heard Stan's rich vibrant voice told her that it did matter. The gay excursions in his sturdy car; smoke curling from their campfire beneath wind tossed pines; his teasing voice—that year had been full of happy memories.

Then she had traveled during the summer. Immediately after she returned home he had been "on the doorstep" as he had said, and when she went back to Knowlton, they had drifted into the old casual friendly intimacy. Yet relentlessly there crept into their friendship a new, a different quality.

She remembered one clear cold January night as they were returning from a dance. She had had an especially good time; perhaps it was the fault of the new rose dress; but she had scarcely danced with Stan during the evening and though she sensed that he was provoked she kept up a bright chatter. As the car slid up to her gate, she had peered through the frosty window, had seen that there was still a light and ventured: "Won't you come in, Stan? Mrs. Anderson has made some chile and suggested that I invite you in." So they had adequately sampled the chile, and in spite of burning his tongue on hot chocolate made over the glowing grille, Stan was soon restored to good humor.

"Leone," he had said suddenly. "Why did you do that tonight?"

"Do what?" she had countered innocently.

"Treat me so casually; oh, you know, Leone, give me only two dances and act as though I were only one of the crowd. Just one of the crowd. . . Leone, is that all I mean to you?"

She recalled how suddenly still the room had become, the ticking of the clock seemed to reverberate in her ears mingling with the beating of her heart as she had answered slowly: "Stan, we've been awfully good friends. There has never been anyone like you. I don't know, Stan, how much you mean. But there

are so many things I want to do in this world. Let's not spoil our friendship; let's go on—that is if you want to—" she had ended questioningly.

"Oh, Leone," he had said quickly, half huskily, "of course I want to go on. You have been the best pal that ever was." She remembered how intensely blue his eyes seemed as he took her hands close in his own, "but remember, darling, you are more than that to me."

She had laughed with ecstasy as she slipped out of the red dress that night and catching sight of her reflection in the mirror said in the old childish habit she had of talking to herself: "Oh, it is good to be young and have a good position and Stan too. You just don't deserve it, Leone." She hadn't been able to go to sleep. Of course she was fond of Stan and they had been such pals; yet teaching was fascinating, and having a regular salary even nicer; and in the vistas of years ahead there were so many things to do—county supervisors, perhaps; a summer tour of Europe; helping Ted through college; playing Lady Bountiful to the twins who already adored her.

So life had drifted pleasantly on, and presently the iciness of winter reluctantly gave way to spring.

ONE FRIDAY afternoon as she was busy making plans for the next week Stan surprised her by walking into her room. "Behold, Young Lochinvar to take you into the west," he announced. "Come on, Leone, it's been ages since we've been a-riding. Everything's all set. You see," he grinned boyishly as he helped her into the car, "this is all premeditated. I haven't had a look in as far as you are concerned for weeks and so—"

"And so here we are," she had finished happily.

They had taken the spiralling mountain road and soon the whole panoramic beauty of the valley lay below them. Along the road the trees and willows were unfolding their delicate green leaves and a faint sheen of green covered the rugged mountainsides. She had almost forgotten the fun of being with Stan in his "gypsy mood"; to watch his face light up and crinkle into laughter at her sallies. Just to sit beside him and feel the April breeze on her

(Continued on page 582)

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## PRELUDE TO LIVING

(Continued from page 581)

face had been so satisfying. Presently they came to Grand Forks and leaving the car they walked the short distance to the lakes which, fed by the melting snow, were icy cold, reflecting the sunset splendor of the high banked clouds. They watched the sun in a last glow fling up its light in a brilliant sheaf of gold and ruby.

"Oh, Stan, it's so beautiful it hurts to see it," she had said hesitantly.

"Yes, sunsets are particularly beautiful from here. See how the light shades across the valley. Peaceful valley, isn't it? Perhaps this is why I came back after finishing school," he had said whimsically. "The sunsets—and to meet you."

And as they watched the shadows lengthen from the purple bulwarked mountains across the little valley and the mauve and rose of the sky fade into the grayness Stan had said: "Leone, do you remember that night last January when I told you that you meant more than a pal to me?"

Startled she had nodded her head as he continued: "I meant it then, and I mean it more than ever now. Leone, darling, I love you more than anything in the world. You knew it, didn't you? And I want to marry you as soon as school is out." He was looking down at her—no laughter now in his level blue eyes.

Even remembering brought a surge of warmth to her. But why did I have to bungle things so, Leone had thought wearily to herself time and time again. Oh why couldn't I have told him right then so he could understand that I loved him terribly, but that I wanted to try my wings a little before I settled down, that I wanted to go adventuring? But as she had falteringly tried to tell him, she had seen the tenderness die in his eyes, a bewildered hurt come in to his face.

"But don't you love me, Leone?" he had asked.

"Oh, yes, I do love you, Stan," she had hastened to add. "But—"

"But not enough to tie yourself down? That's it," he finished grimly. "Of course the life I could give you wouldn't be especially exciting," he had gone on carefully. "Just middle class American life. Lawyers in the country don't make too much money, you know. But just having you would be all I could ask for and we could build one of those little sloping roofed English houses on

that lot by Dixons—oh, darling, we could be so happy."

IT HAD been a silent trip home. The cool, misty beauty of the starry night found a miniature reflection in the lights of the little city and the scattered farmhouses of the valley. She had longed to lay her hand over his so steady and sure on the steering wheel, to say, "Oh, Stan, you just don't understand." But she hadn't. In the light from the dashboard his face in profile looked stern, determined. Another time she would have him understand.

But there hadn't been another time, for a day or two later he had been unexpectedly called to the coast on business. She had missed him terribly of course, but things don't end like this she had assured herself consolingly.

Then the thunderbolt had fallen. Not that it was in the guise of a catastrophe at all. Merely a friendly little call from Mr. Alder, the president of the school board. But it meant her position was gone! no more first mornings with a room crowded with big eyed six-year-olds clutching pencils and notebooks in an attempt at bravado. "We've been very pleased with your work, Miss Harris," he was saying, "and we are particularly glad that you won't be leaving Knowlton entirely. Perhaps that's one reason we don't feel so bad about cutting out your section. . . . Stan is a splendid fellow," he had added irrelevantly and behind his spectacles his eyes twinkled kindly at her.

Looking into the mirror as she patted powder on her smooth young face, she scowled at the reflection. "You're what is popularly known as a dumbbell," she told herself. "A school teacher far more naive than a sixteen year old. Now, Leone, if you had had the tiniest part of the wisdom of the Mona Lisa there, you would have known what you wanted." From the wall a copy of da Vinci's masterpiece looked coolly down at her, inscrutable, aloof; the wisdom of all womankind in her half smile. "But you haven't and in reaching for the moon you rather lost your world," she finished whimsically to herself as she went downstairs.

"At last, Mother, I'm ready," she called.

## PRELUDE TO LIVING

It was good to be out of doors. The sky was a clear azure with little flecks of clouds to emphasize its clarity; trees and vines were brilliant with the warmth of reds and gold while dahlias and zinnias and the wealth of late autumn flowers were masses of gorgeous flaming color. "It's positively silly to get down in the dumps as long as there is a world like this," she chided herself.

SHE FINISHED her errand and was returning home. Such a day as this ought not to be wasted she mused . . . Indian summer—the most poignant season of all . . . its hazy beauty so lovely, so quickly fleeting . . . just like being young; she smiled at the absurd comparison. Yet youth is so surely fleeting. But perhaps we all have Indian summers in our lives . . . that last surge of loving life intensely, drinking with avid lips from the brimming cup; ah, but I don't want to wait . . . I want to live now. And quite suddenly she knew. Simply silly pride had prevented her from writing to him to say she had been mistaken. I'll write tonight, she thought. How hard it would be to choose exactly the right words . . . she phrased the letter in her mind. But what if he no longer cared, had forgotten or perhaps had found someone else. For a moment sheer terror clutched at her, but of course he hadn't; absurd even to think of it.

"There's a letter for you on the hall table," her mother called. A letter? Perhaps from Stan. She knew he had recently returned to Knowlton and finding that she was not teaching he might be writing. It would simplify matters so much if he wrote first. But no . . . it was from the county superintendent offering her a position in a nearby town; the teacher at the last moment had decided to go East with her husband; Leone would have to answer immediately.

She showed the letter to her mother. "I don't know what to do," she confessed. "I never told you before because it seemed unbelievable that I could be so foolish, but Stan asked me to marry him last spring but I mixed things up thinking I wanted to do a lot of other things before I got married. And then he left and I haven't had the courage to write telling him how mistaken I had been; just this morning I decided to write—and now this. What shall I do?"

"Why Leone, is that why you have been so restless, so dissatisfied? You have worried me so. Careers are wonderful of course, dear, and sometimes very satisfying; but Stan is such a splendid fellow I should think you would be far happier married to him—though of course it is for you to decide."

"If I could only be sure I'd be as successful as you have been, I'd not be afraid. Mums," she returned winking back the sudden tears. "Well, important as my future is, I guess lunch is the next thing on the calendar, isn't it? Then afterwards I'm going up Spring Hollow to find a nice place for the gypsy picnic. I promised my Sunday School class."

It's much easier to decide weighty problems outdoors she thought as she climbed up Spring Hollow. Pine needles were a soft yielding carpet beneath her feet and the deep resonant murmur of Spring Creek was an accompaniment to her thoughts. She had brought Stan to show him her favorite nooks in the forest last year. Suddenly she knew there really wasn't any decision to make. The despair, the apathy of living hadn't been because she wasn't working so much as because she had shut out the lightness, the gaiety, the worthwhileness that had been Stan and he was all that really mattered anyway. And suddenly she felt buoyantly glad. If she hurried she could get the letter off to him on the night mail. Oh, how heavenly it is to be alive, to feel joy, emotion, course through me again, she thought. Why I've been all deadened inside.

In another moment she stood stupefied, wooden: there was Stan coming around a bend in the trail! The sunlight filtering through the trees was on his hair, his grave face crinkling into smiles, his vibrant voice saying almost breathlessly, reverently, "Leone, darling." In a moment he had reached her side and she was in his arms. Silly to have to wink back the tears to be able to see him; silly ever to cry again!

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# Your Page and Ours

## LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

**B**IOGRAPHY—the only i is as in the word ice—no matter how many times you may have heard it pronounced differently; the o has the sound of the word of and the accent falls after the g; the a has the sound as in ask; and the y as in it.

**C**olumn—You will notice that there is no y in this word. The first syllable is pronounced as if spelled kol with the o pronounced as in of, and the accent falls after the l; the u has the sound as in the word up.

**E**czema—that dread skin disease which doctors dread to hear us pronounce because we don't often say it correctly. It is pronounced in three syllables, the first: ek with the e as in end; the second: ze, the e as the first e in event; the third: ma, the a as in ask. And the accent falls on the first syllable. Hit the ek hard and the rest will follow.

## BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

**"A**RE YOU going to Europe for your vacation, Senator?" "No," answered the Senator. "What's the use of traveling around among people who don't speak my language, and who couldn't vote for me even if they did."

## PROMOTED TO RETIREMENT

**S**AMBO—"What am you doing now?"

Rastus—"I se an exporter."

Sambo—"An exporter?"

Rastus—"Yep, the Pullman Company just fired me."

## A QUIET CONSCIENCE SOMETIMES CURES INSOMNIA, ALSO!

**"I**T WAS my custom in my youth," said a famous Persian, "to rise from my slumber to watch, pray, and read the *Koran*. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers while I alone wake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark on the faults of thy brethren.'"

**L**ADY OF THE HOUSE—"Will you have a chair?"  
Collector—"No, thanks; I came for the radio set."

## RIGHT, PERHAPS.—BUT BRUISED

**W**RECKED MOTORIST (opening his eyes): "I had the right of way, didn't I?"  
Bystander: "Yeh, but the other fellow had a truck."—*Life*.

## "YES MEN"

**"D**ON'T YOU smell something burning?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"I don't either, but most people do if you ask them."—*Boston Transcript*.

## DEVOTION'S REWARD

**L**AWYER (reading rich woman's will: "... and to my nephew, Percy, for his kindness in calling every week to feed my darling goldfish, I leave ... my darling goldfish."—*Tid-Bits*.

## CAUSE FOR CONCERN

**F**USSY OLD LADY: "Are you quite positive this train is going to Muscatine?"

Conductor (wearily): "Well, if it isn't lady, I'm in a worse mess than you are."

## PREPONDERANT EVIDENCE

**"D**ID YOU behave in church?" asked an interested relative when Junior returned from the service.

"Course I did," replied Junior. "I heard the lady back of us say she never saw a child behave so."

## HEREDITY OR ENVIRONMENT

**L**ITTLE BETTY, returning from school one afternoon, said: "Johnny Wilson's examination papers were so good that teacher keeps them on her desk to show visitors."

Asked about her own, she had to confess that they weren't good.

"But why aren't yours as good as Johnny's?" her mother asked. "You have the same opportunities."

"I know, mother," said Betty. "but Johnny Wilson comes from a very bright family."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

## IT'S THE SAME MAN, ISN'T IT?

**"D**ADDY, WHAT is a traitor?"

"A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one."

"Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours?"

"A convert, my boy!"

## SPECIFIC DIRECTIONS

**D**ENTIST—"Which tooth do you want extracted?"  
Pullman Porter—"Lower seven."

## A COMMON COMPLAINT

**"I**M WORRIED about that boy of mine," said the anxious father. "He's too smart to take advice from anyone else, and not quite smart enough to think it up for himself."

## AN OLD PRAYER

**G**IVE ME a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest.

Give me a healthy body, Lord, with sense enough to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight.

Which, seeing sin, is not appalled but finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind which is not bound, that does not whimper, whine, or sigh.

Don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord, give me the grace to see a joke,

To get some happiness out of life and pass it on to other folk.

(Dates from 18th century at least. Of English origin, but the author is unknown.)

## OSCAR A. KIRKHAM ATTENDS WESTERN RECREATIONAL CONFERENCE

**A**T A RECENT meeting of the National Recreational Association in Long Beach, California, Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. and Deputy Regional Executive of Region 12 of the Boy Scouts of America, attended. We quote briefly from a reprint of *Western City*: "Oscar Kirkham, presenting the theme address, Leisure Living or Loafing? at the Wednesday luncheon session, outlined a ten point program of attitudes and growth for youth in leisure, securing a real ovation from the some 300 in attendance. The keynote of his address was, 'Find the good in youth, help them to understand our confidence in their integrity and capacity, and guide them in the fullest release of their latent and acquired abilities.'"

# "THE OUTLAW of NAVAJO MOUNTAIN"

By ALBERT R. LYMAN  
BEGINS NEXT MONTH IN

## The IMPROVEMENT ERA



ALBERT R. LYMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN," "THE VOICE OF THE INTANGIBLE," "THE HISTORY OF THE SAN JUAN PIONEERS," AND OTHER WORKS.

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